The Miracle of Me

B. C. Clausen

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THE MIRACLE OF ME

By

BERNARD C. CLAUSEN, D. D.

Author of "Preach It Again," etc.

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TO

E. D. C.

FOREWORD

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

There is a glorying which justifies itself. Even Paul, who despised false pride, boldly gloried in the message of the Cross. He who felt only shame for himself could give himself whole-heartedly to boasting of the salvation of Jesus.

If this book, flaunting its rather flamboyant title, has one characteristic which binds its parts into unity, it is a certain unabashed glorying in the things of the gospel. Every sermon is a shout of boasting, as the preacher points to a truth from God. This is sheer reveling in the happiness of Christ's light. "The Miracle of Me" is the miracle of Jesus' indwelling. Why not be bold enough to cry aloud about it?

Perhaps the years will make some change in these high spirits. Maturity may be expected to mellow the message and tone down these calliope notes. But for the present, we must take this preacher for what he frankly professes to be—a youthful enthusiast who is proud to be a slave of Christ.

Thanks are due the publishers of the *Christian Endeavor World* for permission to reprint the sermons entitled "The Strategy of Foch," "Denominational Disarmament," and "If I Had Time"; to the publishers of *Association Men* for permission to reprint "What Are You Worth?"; to the publishers of *The Christian Century* for permission to reprint "The Religion of King Tut"; to the publishers of *The Baptist* for permission to reprint "A Living Wage for Christians" and "Belgium and You"; and to the publishers of *The Watchman-Examiner* for permission to reprint "Christian Craftsmanship."

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I

THE MIRACLE OF ME

It would be easy for me to prove to my own satisfaction that I am a miracle. I am attempting a much more ambitious and difficult task than that. I intend to prove beyond possibility of dispute that you are a miracle—each one of you. I shall do better than that. I shall refuse to be satisfied until I have made you believe that each person within sound of my voice is at least 784 different miracles all combined in one.

Consider the Human Machine. Arnold Bennett, the great English novelist, has written an amazingly brief and yet useful book which he entitles " The Human Machine." Bennett insists that if men were to pay as much attention to the mere mechanics of their bodies as they pay to the engines which purr under the hoods of their motor-cars we should have a better race of men. If we exercised as good judgment in selecting foot-wear as in buying tires, if we studied diet as carefully as we investigate brands of gasoline and grades of lubricating oil, we might get better service out of our human machines. But they are so constantly and obviously with us, that we disdain to notice them until neglect forces them into a breakdown and we are compelled to stop. The superb miracles which are designed for our control go all unnoticed. We fail to get one thrill out of our mastery over these splendid engines which we inhabit.

The Miracle of the Hand

Take the human hand, for instance. Most of us have two hands constantly ready for duty, and we pay no attention to them. I had to live through a war before I realized the miracle of my hands. I had to watch men whose hands had been shot away, fumble along using those crude, stubborn hooks, or slow, clumsy, artificial hands which surgeons devised, before I realized what an ingenious and skilful mechanism a hand is.

A hand can talk. Not that awkward and slow language of the deaf and dumb alphabet which we found so useful in hushed classrooms during school days—though that is wonderful enough. But hands possess the language of emotions. I have had a handshake as clammy, as repellent, as utterly discouraging, as unpleasant as the feel of a cold oyster. I have had other grips which welcomed me like a bright hearth-fire. Indeed I have seen many an uninspiring sermon transformed into a masterpiece by the language which the hands spoke at the exits of the church where people were passing out.

A hand can remember. I run a typewriter just skilfully enough to respect the memory-faculty of my hands. I could not tell you, if you were to ask me now, how the letters are arranged on my keyboard. The rows of keys have made no impression on my mind. But as I type this sermon, my fingers, leaping to crystallize my thoughts in words, find without my bidding the letters which they remember from a thousand such experiences. And before I know it, the word is typed on the page before me.

A hand can soothe and heal. I need only close my eyes and recall, to feel the cool loveliness of my mother's

hand on a hot boyish brow, brushing all the fever away. I turn delicate pages in a Bible to the text I need, I wield a heavy ax, or dig with a big shovel, I manipulate a pen through the intricate mysteries of writing, all with this precise and powerful instrument which I call my hand.

More Wonders Unnoticed

Time would fail me to discuss the miracles of the eye, the ear, and the voice—to say nothing of those hundreds of less obvious wonders. A few moments ago, I came from the bright sunlight into this shaded room. My eyes automatically adjusted the light openings so that, in a moment of time, I am as able to perceive your features here as I was in the sunlight of outdoors. You are hearing me because at the sides of your head are small, shell-like structures called ears, which accept the sound-waves leaping across this space. The waves are translated into nerve impulses which speed through the structures over the hammer-anvil-stirrup chain, to the brain centers of your mental life. And you smile or frown, you nod in agreement or shake in disagreement, as your ears forward to the inner YOU my thought.

And this thought is reaching you because my body, eager to have you follow its idea, is engaged in an attempt to make the idea over into sounds. A column of air is being thrust by my diaphragm through my vocal cords and against the roof of my mouth just back of my teeth. Molded by teeth and tongue and jaws and lips, this sound is becoming words, and as such is clothing my thought with recognizable symbols

of speech. There was a time when an accident deprived me of the use of my tongue, and threatened to leave me speechless through the years. Out of those anxious days of silence, I took a vow that if the precious gift of speech were given back to me, I should try to speak no untrue, unfair, unkind word so long as I lived. And that vow still echoes in my soul.

Thank God for Your Body

Will you grant my first contention now? Are you ready to admit that hundreds of miracles are combined to make that great miracle which is *you?*

Notice then out of what humble materials these miracles are compounded. Porridge and Scotch scones and hot mutton pies combined to make the lyrics of Burns. A little rice and some green herbs gave us the wisdom of Confucius. Sermons are built of hot buttered toast and a glass of milk. Beethoven's music, Titian's colors, Paul's eloquence, all used commonplaces for their substance. That city-bred boy was not so blundering after all when he stood by the side of a pasture-lot and innocently asked, "Father, what makes green grass in a red cow into white milk?" What does?

And notice what combinations of differing bodily elements make up each single miracle! I say I have a hand. But is it a hand? Only when viewed very superficially. Made up as it is, of a score of substances each necessary for its proper functioning, it becomes a complex combination of skin and hair, and nails and muscles, and bones and veins and arteries and blood and marrow, and so on, into subdivisions of minute exactitude. These

things all join in the perfection of my willing instrument, losing their own separate identity in a unit called my hand.

Oneness Essential

Its usefulness, however, is wholly dependent upon its remaining a part of me. I saw a hand once, cut away from its body; a dead, blood-marked white thing, it lay on the deck of my battle-ship, mute in the tragic futility of its separateness. I have never been able to erase from my mind the impression of its uselessness.

Yet how magnificent is that transcendent miracle when each separate miracle becomes a part of one act of self-expression, synchronized, obedient, caught up in a glory beyond its poor self, in a symphony of orchestration. Such a miracle happens in a church service, when the eye sees the black notes printed in a musical score, and the foot reaches for the organ pedals, while the slender supple hands touch the waiting keyboard, and the ear alertly detects harmonies and effects, and the artist soul molds, enlivens, recreates the wonder of a mighty prelude. It is in such a moment as this that the unifying miracle glorifies all that enters into its unity.

Christ's Body

Jesus had a body. Does the statement seem too abrupt? It is utterly true. Perhaps we have stressed and sensed his Godlikeness so vividly that we have been tempted to overlook the meaning of his humanity. Never fear. He is not less like God because he suffered pain.

Hands like these broke the bread by the lake-shore; arms like these held little children and pressed them close;

eyes like these saw the agonized face of pain in the pushing crowds, detected a hiding Zacchæus in the foliage of the sycamore tree, watched the mob flocking like shepherdless sheep to the place of his rest and recreation; ears like these heard the harsh, dry voices of pain and terror at the side of the road, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on me!" and a voice like this—oh, infinitely more tender and wistful, I know—but a voice like this spoke the matchless words of the Sermon on the Mount.

In a body like mine, combining in itself all the varieties of physical experience, all the risks of exhaustion, all the temptations of appetite and ease, and all the glorious ecstasies of enjoyment, Jesus lived. He succeeded in saying and doing all the world-changing things of his gospel because a body like mine was obedient and ready for the dictates of his ideals.

But that body is no more. However sincerely you love him, however closely you follow him, you have never heard the sound of his voice, never felt the touch of his hand, never caught the gleam of his beautiful smile, never. What will happen now, with his voice stilled and his hands broken by nails? Has death conquered him?

Who Speaks for Him Now?

"Now ye are the body of Christ." It is the most daring of all metaphors, by the boldest artist in their use. Paul is solving the problem for us. Christ, says Paul, is willing to say his word through us, to do his deeds in us. We are the body of Christ.

We start back aghast! Paul could not mean us. Saints with holy records of superb achievements!

Prophets touched by the glowing coals! But not humble ordinary sinning folk like us!

Careful now. To whom did Paul write this sentence? To the church at Corinth. A church of failure and sin, a church which must bow before scathing rebuke in this same epistle, a church bending under the fury of pagan lust, a church which straightened up in an ecstasy of new strength when Paul's truth came home to them. And we who know his words are meant for us, are better Christians after the first shock of them, when we sense their infinite significance. We are the body of Christ. Out of such humble stuff he deigns to make his miracle of serving, saving love. If we do not say his word, it will not be said. If we fail to do his deeds, they will not be done. Syracuse will know him as we reveal him. We are the body of Christ.

Differences Lost

Are we different one from another? That is sheer advantage if only, in our differences, we are obedient to him. I find men everywhere worried because the church of Jesus is forced to harbor so many varied types. This is but the normal state of that combination called the body.

Years ago, when I was a very young preacher, I came to a conclusion. I decided that if I could ever find a church where every member was just like Deacon Smedes, I should stay there for life. Can you reconstruct, out of that clue, a picture of the deacon himself? A fervent, humble, lovable, tender spirit, with enough money to free him from material cares and make him a great giver, a gift for prayer, a hopeful aggressiveness, and a sympa-

thetic humanity—I could leave almost any task with him, and be confident that it would be well done. So I searched for such a church made up wholly of men and women like Deacon Smedes.

I have given up the search. There isn't any such church. And I would not have it, if there was. For I have come to believe that a church made up of a single type would be an egregious failure in the warfare of the kingdom. If the whole body were an eye, how would you get the hearing accomplished? No. To speak the gospel of Jesus to this complex world, the church needs the services of every variety of life.

Rich man, poor man,
Beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer,
Merchant, chief,

all telling by word and deed the story of infinite redemption. Rich men with fortunes surrendered to the Christ. Poor men made rich by the treasures of his love. Beggarmen healed by the touch of his power. Thieves redeemed by his pain and his blood. Doctors and lawyers ministering in his spirit. Merchants dealing in the jewels of his word. Chiefs made humble by his simple majesty. All these, and more, are not too many for the body of Jesus.

The Sadness of Solitariness

Have you seen one Christian trying to live all alone? Then you have witnessed the tragedy of separation. You have seen the futile hand, dead and still, lying on the deck. How much we need each other!

The man who tries to be a solitary and independent Christian is like that individualistic sharpshooter, who, spurning uniforms and the compromise of obedience to commands, shoulders his rifle and starts out alone to help win the war. It is interesting, but it is not war. More pathetically useless and in the way is the man who claims to serve Christ, but has not yet found his church. Join up, join up, for victory's sake!

And then, oh, the thrill of it! The indescribable joy of it! Shoulder to shoulder, training and serving, sharing and bearing, waiting for his orders and doing his will. Suppose our city should see him clearly in his beauty. Would they not love him? He is waiting to reveal himself in us. He will do his deeds through us. He will say his words through us. Without us, he is dumb and helpless. He is counting on us. We are the body of Christ.

II

THE SUICIDE OF THE CHURCH

THERE are few tragedies more poignant than illness. Physicians and nurses and ministers live surrounded by it. It finds its way into their very souls. Homes are often overshadowed by it. Occasionally a whole city is enshrouded in the pall of it.

To watch a hitherto healthy body in the stages of succumbing to attacks of disease is a saddening experience. The silent, invisible foes, advancing with secret fiendishness; the first yielding to the initial assault; the sturdy defense of the white corpuscles, fighting with what might almost be named courage; the onrush of new forces of invaders; the languor of pitiful weakness; the ebb and flow of the battle-line as medicines and the will to live combine to make a "good day" of victory, or are helpless against their conquerors; then the terrible lifeless weakness, which palsies the hands, wastes the cheeks, sends hot tears down the courses of the face, shrivels the lips, muffles the voice into a faint whisper, and glazes the eyes with a frightening brilliance—these make up a drama which begins and ends upon the note of sober tragedy.

The Real Horror

Yet all this is as nothing compared with the tragedy of suicide. For with illness there is always hope. On every side are people recovering their strength and building up

into health despite the encroachments of enemy germs. This morning's prescription, this afternoon's determination, may swing the tide toward victory. But suicide is black with utter hopelessness. Here is a healthy body, successfully resisting the assaults of invading germs. The mind is thronged with those normal difficulties of decision. Clashes of desire are frequent, but are always submitted at last to a dominating will, and the conflict results in a fusing of mental elements which make up personality. But suddenly there is the eruption of a revolution within. One desire or one set of desires demands right of way through the life without hindrance. Heedless of consequence, unwilling to submit to the arbitrament of reason, unable to hear the claims of any contrary wish which finds expression in the life, this desire raises its brutal head over the mental experiences, howls its insistence down through the corridors of the brain, summons all its strength for a stupendous assault not only upon conflicting ideas but also upon the life itself, hurling out its defiance, "If I cannot have my way, I shall see to it that no one else has his!" This is the tragedy of suicide, the deepest tragedy of all. The process may be swift or slow, the phenomenon is the same. De Quincey, with his world-roaming mind and his vast store of beautifully mastered learning, may kill himself slowly through decades of opium-poison; Chatterton, boy-poet, at eighteen among the immortals of English literature with his magnificent Balade of Charitie, may snuff out his life with one quick gulp of arsenic in a moment of madness. What has actually happened is this: some revolutionary desire has scorned delay and opposition, has asserted itself as lord of the mind, has

defied control, and has brought down upon itself, in the spectacular crash of mighty ruins, the life which could not yield. The desire was not satisfied. It was defeated in the defeat of the life. But even this consideration could not halt it. It died in the death which it designed. Like blind Samson, its own strength, poured forth upon others, killed itself.

Men die this way. Nations die this way. Churches die this way. Oh, the throbbing tragedy of it!

An Ancient Tragedy

It was this tragedy which Moses was called upon to witness as a young man upon the desert plains of Egypt. The text of the day, from a sermon in the Acts, is a reflection of the events of that epoch-making week when Moses faced his destiny, under the guidance of Jehovah. After those years of luxury and training and power in the court of Pharaoh, his soul is suddenly illumined by the dream of God's mission for him. With a great gesture of superb abnegation, he turns away from the promising high-road of Egyptian glory, and prepares to yield himself for the freeing of his people, the down-trodden slaves of the realm. As he loses himself in the glory of his selfless determination, he sees, enacted before him, a miniature representation of the conflict. An Egyptian master is flogging his Israelitish slave, and the slave is cringing before the brute blows. Moses leaps upon the assailant, tears him to death in a frenzy of resentment, buries the dead body under a mound of sand, and shrugging his shoulders, walks away. His dedication to his people's cause is stronger than ever. He has

been witnessing a tragedy, but it was the tragedy of illness, and there was hope that the enemies of his own race might, with patience and courage, be overcome.

The next day, however, he was forced to see another tragedy. He came upon two of his own people contending one with another. The ferocity of their blows, the curses from their lips, the steely glitter in their eyes, horrified him. They had forgotten the Egyptians, they had forgotten their God-given destiny, for some petty, trivial issue they were slaughtering each other. With the hollow voice of a heart-broken, disillusioned prophet, he said: "Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one to another?" Like savage curs, they turned on him, snarling in their rage, and then hurled themselves into their conflict again. Brother fought against brother. Suicide had begun at the heart of his nation.

Broken on the Wheel

His dream shattered, his hopes gone, he walked away sobbing. And for forty years he waited, in a far-off land, until the bitterness of that scene was blotted out, and he had found courage again for his tasks.

I watch homes broken into fragments by the fury of independent desires that will not be harmonized. I watch churches, bickering over futile incidentals, while the Egyptians who lord it over us sneer at our petty childishness and chuckle at the ease with which they hold us captives. There is no more heart-breaking experience in all the world. Pastors have died on the rack of it—this reasonless, blind, bull-headed determination to rule or to wreck, which sometimes besets the life of a growing, serving church.

The Illness of the Church

It is tragic enough to see illness in the life of a church. The symptoms are common enough to be easily recognized. To see the neighborhood passing by in scorn and jest; to watch the germs of discouragement and doubt and disappointment and defeat invading; to witness dwindling crowds and emptying pews; to glimpse the signs of shabbiness which betray meager treasuries and mounting expense; to hear the voice of fervent prayer becoming the frightened whisper of hoarse despair; to notice the glaze of death in the spiritual eyes—all this is terrible. But there is always hope. And no man should shrink from a chance of helping. This is the battle which lures men's souls into the ranks of the church. A fair chance is all a man asks. Doubt and lust and discouragement may be driven back; a new voice may send a clarion message echoing down through the city's life; next Sunday may be the turning-point; daylight and victory may be just around the next jog in the road! This is illness, that is all. Nothing hopeless here. Only a splendid challenge to faith.

The Darkest Fate

But suicide—oh, the tragedy of suicide! When a church is at the height of its happy career, when a city's eyes, yes a nation's eyes, are upon her, when her building throbs with a hundred Christly deeds of comradeship, when crowds of hungry souls throng her courts, pleading in silence for the bread of life at her outstretched hands—

to see that church unable to control her rebel desires within the limits of her own life in Christ is enough to make angels weep.

I would not have you all of the same mind. The flat monotony of people so much alike that they never differed would condemn any church to the bloodless quiet of innocuous desuetude. The strong souls are never the ones who had no trouble making decisions. The great spiritual achievers were constantly in the turmoil of mental conflict. Paul wrestled through the years, the sweat upon his brow, the muscles taut in frenzied effort, the veins and arteries standing out like great welts in his flesh, fighting like a demon to keep his refractory body under. Luther hurled inkwells at a devil so real in his temptation that the bewildered monk could see him leering from a dark corner in his study. Peter ebbed and flowed like a stupendous tide, from the heights of glorious courage to the depths of dark despair. Wesley was swept by the buffeting winds of passion till the day of his death. But they, one and all, would not surrender their lives to rebel desires. They set their faces like flint, and they would not be turned aside. They had no placid drama staged behind their brows. They were made great by the stress of decisions. But once a decision was made by the life, conflicting desires gave way and joined in the appointed course. The fusion of elements was accomplished, and the life went on in confidence.

The Storm of Decision

The great churches have never been the quiet, placid ones. Have no undue fear. There is a way to decision. Let all conflicting desires fairly and frankly submit them-

selves to the high tribunal of the mind of the church. Let them clash without restraint. Let them resolve themselves, if they will, into fused action. Let real disputes find reasonable solution by comparison with the mind of Jesus and by a willingness to yield to the judgment of the head. Let us keep back nothing, conceal nothing. The result will be a frankness of unity and a strength of resolution which can come no other way. But let nobody ever say or think, "If I cannot have my way, I shall see to it that nobody else has his." That is the acme of folly. Never once has a whisper of this spirit reached my ears. It never will, please God. For that is suicide.

Zona Gale has said it aptly in a wonderful paragraph:

The way isn't so much to try to love each other,
Which other folks' peculiarities is awfully in the way of,
But for all of us to pitch in and love something altogether,
Your town, or your young folks, or your church,
Or keeping something clean
Or making something look nice—
And before you know it you're loving the folks you work with
No matter how peculiar, or even more so.

Surely, we who boast that we love Jesus dare not mock him by flaunting our tiny differences and breaking his heart.

The Glory of the Church

Often I walk down-town to the church by way of Cedar Street, and as I swing into the broad expanse of Court House Circle I am caught breathless again and again by the sheer beauty of this church of ours. In all weathers, under all skies, in the throb of busy noon or the stillness of deserted night, that superb white tower

lifts its height like a proud challenge to the selfishness of Christless men, a gesture pointing up toward the love of God. My heart is exalted by the glory of it. We who love it together—God forbid that we should choose the way of death.

Often I come upon our church as I walk the shaded streets of memory. I see the humble service, the selfless giving, the indomitable courage, the noble preaching, the tears of disappointed anguish, the prayers of beseeching yearning, the love and the strength which through the weary years made this shrine possible. I am silent at the wonder of it. We who wonder at it together—God forbid that we should choose the way of death.

Often I see it as I walk the broad highway of the future. Out of its life, planted at the heart of our great and growing city, I see influences mounting which shall some day bring Syracuse captive to our Lord Christ Jesus. Little children laugh and sing, old faces smile in confidence, men trust and love each other; there is no hunger, no pain, no death any more. The light of the New Jerusalem makes our streets shine like gold. Jesus reigns. I bow my head before the bright beauty of it, and my ears hear the happy echoes of angels singing. This we may do, if we are faithful. This Christ is leaving with us to do. We who love him together, we whose lives are his in the fulness of glad surrender—God forbid that we should choose the way of death.

III

A LIVING WAGE FOR CHRISTIANS

The greatest game in the world is business. And the richest thrill which life holds must come to the man who plays a fine, rule-abiding sportsmanlike game and wins. It is a thrill which no mere preacher can ever share. Two years in big business taught me that before I began to preach.

To be able to keep costs down, prices low, dividends attractive, and quality excellent, is no mean achievement in these madly competitive days. To search the world for raw material and buy it skilfully at decent advantage; to complete a product which can compete with others in the same class on the basis of price demand; to balance the factors of production so that with price still competingly low you are enabled to attract capital for supporting your enterprise by the profit you pay; and at the end to be able to sink back with the assurance that you have not cheated in quality, that your labels have not lied, that no shoddy goods nor poor workmanship will be revealed in the tests of use—this game brings its own reward in joy. At least, it did in days gone by.

Is the Zest Gone?

The most amazing thing to me about modern industry is the apparent loss of the game's thrill. I

think it has come about because competition has fixed the lines of its four fundamental demands, and has erased that sense of creative energy in the organization of production. Men have no choice now. They must keep costs low, prices right, dividends attractive, and quality high, or they will be throttled by economic pressure. The rules of the game have become prison bars, and men are locked up in cells of competitive necessity. It is no wonder that the zest has gone from the sport of business.

There is one field, however, where the competition which is the life of trade may yet have its place. It is the field of wages. These industrial generals who simply must keep prices low and costs moderate and dividends steady and quality high, are allowed free scope in one sphere of the problem. They may have the supreme sport of doing all the necessary things, and at the same time paying good wages. And the old thrill will come back if they are vying with one another in the quality of life they produce for their workers.

A New Industrial Idea

This is a new concept—the living wage. It is to our shame that the concept is new. We have allowed economic law to force industry into obedient respect for costs and prices and dividends and quality, while the greater spiritual law of decent life has been silent by default. It is for the church to insist that no industry be allowed to survive in self-respect while it erects its structure of success upon the broken bodies and shattered lives of its employees. It is for the church to point to

this new sport for ambitious millionaires—the sport of adding to all their other products the product of happy life for the workers.

I have recently read a paper-covered book issued by the Ford Motor Company, celebrating Ford's pride in his achievements. Of the sixty-four pages, twenty-six are given over to his pride in his car and his factories. Intricate descriptions of processes and results fill the pages. But the remaining thirty-eight pages out of sixty-four treat of his pride in his men. The words describe his joy in the wages he is able to pay, his insistence that once a man enters his shops he be given a chance to make good in every department of the works until he finds some place where he fits, and that no employee be discharged until he has failed to fit anywhere. The story of his schools for foreign workers, the description of his attempts to fit crippled veterans somewhere into his industrial process—these things reveal a man who has found intense satisfaction in this new sport. He is aglow with the joy of making men. Ford men seem more important to him than Ford cars. Does that surprise you? Your very surprise is a commentary on ordinary industrial callousness. Who first taught mankind the monstrous lie that human life could be outweighed by any product?

What About the Church?

The church must assume responsibility for insisting that the living wage is a proper and necessary industrial concept. It has been exaggerated and caricatured almost beyond recognition. But the idea is fundamentally correct. Below a certain level of economic compensation,

life is an intolerable, beastly drudgery. No industry has a right to crush life into that drudgery. If an industry menaces the level of costs, prices, dividends, or quality, it is automatically ruined by the operation of economic law. It cannot maintain its market. If an industry, for the sake of costs, prices, dividends, or quality, menaces the level of human living, the church must lift its voice in rebuke. Such an industry cannot maintain its self-respect.

More important than that, if the industry refuses to hear the voice of the church, then Christian sentiment, after fair warning, has a right to call a strike that will ensure just action.

I am about to call a strike today—a strike for higher wages on behalf of the lowest paid workers in the world. I shall demand decent compensation for a down-trodden class.

A Strike for Ministers?

You may surmise that I refer to the ministers. I might make out a fair case for them. For it is a mere matter of statistics to establish the shameful facts. In the recent railroad strike, four classifications of employees went out, demanding higher rates of pay. Three of these classifications were at that time receiving higher annual wages than the average annual salary of the ministers in the highest paid denomination in America. I am not insisting that railroad men should not strike. I am insisting that ministers have a fair case themselves.

But there is a class of workers which interests me far more than the ministers—a class now attempting to sur-

vive on pitiful starvation wages. Something must be done for them. I call a strike involving all CHRISTIANS.

Starvation Wages

What are the wages of a Christian? The answer may be put in one word, *souls*. Do you remember the old days when the coming of a new pastor was regularly preceded by a prayer from a deacon, "Lord, give him souls for his hire"? That prayer reached deep into the reality of Christian compensation. Do you recall that prophetic allusion to Christ, "He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied"? It was another picture of the same truth. Jesus was to look back upon the issues of his life, and be content with the wages for his efforts. And these wages were to be paid in the currency of souls redeemed.

What, then, is a reasonable minimum wage in souls? Let us be very modest. Think how long a year is. Think how many people throng around us, who know not the Christ. Surely a decent wage cannot be less than one soul a year won to Jesus.

Now consider this fact. What is the actual average wage of a Christian? Exactly one-fortieth of a soul each year. Statistics point the way to accurate computation. This is the mathematical fact. The average Christian receives just one-fortieth of a minimum expectation needed to support decent life. He must live forty years before he wins one soul to Jesus. And this without allowing for the stupendous contributions to the general average recorded by those magnificent evangelists and fishers of men who number their returns by thousands each year.

Is it any wonder that life withers and dies? Are we surprized that Christian societies and churches and individuals are spiritually starving? They simply cannot exist on such ridiculously low pay.

Why Faith Is Jaded

I am not now considering the problem of evangelism in the midst of the great need of the world. I am not now discussing how much sinners need a Saviour, nor how much the church needs new supplies of personnel and power. I am thinking about how much Christians need the wages of evangelism; how we are deprived of our just returns in souls for our hire; how we starve in the famine of spiritual drought. We have forgotten how it feels to be recreated by the experience of soul-winning.

There was a day when Jesus, worn by a long journey through the hot sun, sat on the wall of a well, outside a Samaritan city. His shoulders were drooping with fatigue, his hands hung limp, there was no sparkle in his eyes, his voice was hoarse and tired, as he sent his disciples into the village to buy food.

When they came back, with their purchases, they were amazed at the change in him. He was a new man. He sat erect and ready, his shoulders straight, his eyes flashing, his voice vibrant and eager.

"Master, here is the food," they say.

"No food now," he replies.

"Has some one brought you refreshment while we were gone?"

"I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

"Jesus, master, tell us, what has given you this new strength? What has recreated you?"

He has talked with a sin-stained woman, and has claimed her life in fealty to the things of God. Only this. But it has transformed him.

Recreation

I have seen Billy Sunday stagger from the conclusion of a sermon, utterly exhausted. No shred of energy left. Then the old trombone began to play, and the invitation hymn floated out like a cloud of sweet incense, and people began to come down the saw-dust trail. A flood of power swept into that limp body, his eyes brightened. Billy leaped to his feet and grasped outstretched hands with a fervor of joy.

O you of jaded faith! O you whose lives have withered into dry hopelessness! O you to whom Christ's figure seems a misty thing of distance and doubt! Try this experiment. Find some one who knows less about Jesus than you do. Begin quite simply and frankly to speak a word of testimony for him. Waves of joy and strength will engulf your soul. You will begin to collect your just wages.

A strike, then! Up with the red flag of rebellion! Down with this cowardly laziness which robs us of our just deserts! Away with this devil's device called modesty which makes us dumb before our brother's need! Let us free ourselves forever from these sneering cheats who starve our lives. We shall gain our rights! A living wage for Christians!

IV

THE RELIGION OF KING TUT

We are three thousand miles away. We have banished the rigor of northern skies and the chill of swift winds. We are under the blazing heat of an Egyptian sun. The air is still. It is near noon.

Spread before us is a valley which seems at first glance to be unutterably prosaic. Vegetation is sparse and undernourished. Scrubby little half-trees lift their discouraged heads and seem too far gone to pant for breath. Tufts of dried, crisp grass struggle up into the gleaming light. Sand, glistening with sunshine, is heaped about in careless profusion, its surface broken by gaunt rocks here and there. Down through the valley runs a pathetic, outworn gully, where once water flowed. But today, the stream is only a memory and a taunt. For the reminder of the purling brook which once laughed through this scene, makes today's desolate desert even more utterly hopeless. We are in the Valley of the Kings. Near-by is Egypt's proud city, Luxor.

Secrets of Three Thousand Years

Those heaps of soil and stone and sand which mar the expanse of the valley, seem like huge geologic remnants, the jest of a creative exuberance. The only signs of activity seem to center at a little black hole dug into one

of these ugly lumps. We hurry to the place. There is the sound of men burrowing within. If we understand the scene, we pause with something of awe clutching our hearts. These men are penetrating the secrets of three thousand years. This is the tomb of a Pharaoh. No man has invaded these precincts of the dead since the last rites were performed. Here lies the body of Tut-Ankh-Amen. The world is waiting for the news his burial place will disclose. And a pert America has blandly named him with an abbreviation of its own—King Tut.

Men are studying the pictures for their art. They are examining the mummy for its chemistry. They are evaluating the jewels for their probable price on the gem market. They are reading the inscriptions for their history. They are eager for the information on home life and customs gleaned from clothes and furniture. But we are missing the real point.

Not Art but Religion

This tomb is Religion. Its implications are in all fields; but its motive was religious faith, and its meaning can be read only in terms of religion. The king whose wishes this mound represents was not planning for the honor of chemistry or history or archæology. He was speaking forth his faith. What was the religion of King Tut?

The Threat of a Thousand Gods

We are entering the tomb. The opening is low. We feel a rush of cool, shadowy air. The sunlight is blotted out. We cannot see. Then our eyes clear. Flickering

torches are held aloft. We are inside a huge coffinlike chamber twelve feet wide and high, with a length of twenty feet. The walls of this room are covered with figures. The shadows are grotesque and significant. Here are the exquisite figures of Nephthys and Isis; here are slinking jackals and sleek cats; here are bent wings, and crowned heads; here are moon and stars; here is a huge eye, ever open, ever depicted as watching every corner of this hidden sarcophagus; here is the sun, haloed with spear-heads of golden rays. The place is thronged with the images of scores of gods.

This is not primarily art; this is a man's religion. This is the expression of a mind bewildered by the tragic complexities of many gods. Everything was inhabited, controlled, managed by some god or other. The beasts were gods; the winds were gods; the seasons were gods; the moon was a god; this silent, deep-flowing river, with its great seasonal flood of alluvial fertility, and its ravenous gnawings at fields and homes and families, was a fickle, abundance-bringing, disaster-giving god. My tribe had a god. So had your tribe. Perhaps my god was stronger than yours. But if you beat me in battle, your god put mine under subjection and demonstrated his superior power. Life was a long attempt to solve the puzzle, to discover the proper rites and ceremonies for the favor of a really influential god. Just now, the sun happened to be in the predominant position, as far as could be determined. So the sun was the chief god of Tut's faith. The only possible sense of control in life came when a man succeeded in gaining the favor of a god who seemed to produce results. Even then, tomorrow might sweep him into servitude and his worshipers into

desolation. A terrible, disordered phantasmagoria of unintelligible whims, and indestructible jealousies—this was the environment of life. And the walls of this tomb are mute evidence of this intolerable existence. We look upon the gallery of King Tut's many gods.

And we seem to hear the voice of Jesus echoing over the hills and valleys of time: "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. . . When ye pray, say 'Our Father.'"

The Instinct of Immortality

Our eyes are becoming accustomed now to the half-darkness, and we are beginning to see the rich treasures which crowd the chamber. Here are deeply carved beds, footstools of gorgeous design, soft fabrics of lovely color, jewels and sculptures, flowers and ferns, dishes of translucent beauty, coins of rare value, carefully preserved vessels of the king's favorite food sealed for use; here is a heap of gems valued at $15,000,000; here is a precious alabaster vase, shaped like a chalice, as beautiful as any vase in the world, seen at last after three thousand years of hiding which had kept it from mortal eye. And if King Tut had gained his way, no one should have seen it in all the reaches of time, until at the end he came back himself to claim the beauty he had loved in life.

Something had taught men's minds that death did not end all. It seems like a naive but logical deduction from the experience of sleep. Here lies a man asleep. He seems to be dead. Only the regular, slow breathing tells us that he will soon awake. Rouse him. He lives again. Ask him where he has been. He will tell you of far

journeyings. He has been hunting in a magnificent forest. He has been riding in a clattering chariot. He has been feasting in gorgeous halls. Tell him that all the time he slept you were watching him and that he was lying there upon his couch, quietly breathing, with eyes closed. He will laugh and reply, "I do not know what you were watching, but I know that I was a thousand miles away." And you begin to think. What was gone while he was sleeping? Where does that thing go when he dies? Is not death a sleep, longer and deeper than our nightly resting? Shall we not come back, as in the morning we return to our waiting bodies? Dreams—they were not then called dreams—told men first about a soul that survived.

If, then, King Tut's life is but a prelude to a new life after the waking from death, then all his efforts must be bent toward making preparations for that return. The tomb must be stocked for the exigencies of the next existence. The king's favorite dishes must be cooked and sealed away, ready to tempt his hunger. Coins must be heaped high, so that he may pay his royal way. The soft couches, the comfortable beds, the favored chairs, the well-loved garments must be kept from too much use here, and must be preserved against the intrusion of other men. The objects of beauty which delighted the king's eyes must be enjoyed by no one after he goes, lest there be less for him to enjoy when he comes back. Life returns. Save up for it. Hoard your stocks for it. Accumulate toward it. The more you can safely collect now and maintain as yours against all comers, the more you can anticipate for your use and joy when you come back. Give away nothing you can possibly keep; every

deed of sharing condemns you to poverty when next you begin to live. Every merciful act impoverishes you for eternity; every selfish achievement means riches for the hereafter. The way to succeed is to collect and keep. These treasures are a gesture of religious faith. Here is a man who thought he was making himself safe for eternity.

And across the hills and valleys of time I seem to hear the voice of Jesus saying: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

O King Tut, moth and rust did not invade, but the thieves are upon you and your treasures; and they are quarreling among themselves over their loot as they despoil you!

A Faith Built On Cruelty

We can see easily now. Our eyes are clear and accurate after these moments in the gloom, and these hoarded stores can be examined for their detailed beauty. Here are carvings in gold, exquisite in technique; here are paintings which meant the work of years; here are boxes woven in carefully plaited rush-work; here are vases molded by master hands; here are fabrics of lovely softness and richness of color. The labor of hundreds of women made these garments, these dainties, these jewel designs. The skill of hundreds of craftsmen produced these thrones and

couches. The backs of a thousand slaves bent under the rocks and sand which were thrown together on this great heap. Men and women were pawns in the stupendous game of King Tut's faith.

People are to be used, to the limit of their usefulness, these treasures are saying. There is not enough wealth, not enough labor to make many of us rich. Let the fortunate and powerful ones spend their time then in amassing greater fortunes and more power. The more slaves you have and the harder you work them, the softer will be your fate in the unborn to-morrow. Use your armies to enslave new tribes; fill your quarters with impoverished captives; use the priests for your own desires; have as many wives as possible and use them for the breeding of a powerful family, so that your sons and daughters may help to keep your treasures away from the robber bands who may invade your tomb. There is no room here for love or brotherhood. Life is a sordid effort after power and pelf. Weaklings must stand out of the way or be crushed. On with the Juggernauts of power. Bend your backs, you slaves! I must be rich in the hereafter.

And I seem to hear the voice of Jesus saying, "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give my life a ransom for many."

The Great Illusion

We have not yet reached the heart of the tomb. There is a small masonry chamber, sealed with elaborate precaution; every joint in the stone-work has been closed

with skilfully compounded pitch; within that is a metal-covered coffin; and within the coffin a mummied body. The arts and sciences of generations have joined in this masterpiece of care; the traditions of a thousand priests have blended in this attempt. The dead body has been embalmed with meticulous technique; every trace of corruption has been removed; then a great winding-ribbon of impregnated cloth has been wrapped about the still form, band upon band swathing the limbs, the trunk, the head. Nothing could intrude into this flesh. These hands must be ready to handle old beauties; these eyes must look out upon loved scenes; these lips must be parted just before the cloth closes over them, so that they may be ready for eating at the moment of waking. This is immortality. So to protect one's body from the shocks of time that it will be intact and perfect when the new life begins. This is a strictly consistent gesture of faith. If you want to save life—save it, preserve it, protect it.

A French doctor stood in the center of a crowd the other day, and waited while representatives of three governments pinned on his coat medals of honor for valor. He had been an expert in X-rays. Twenty years before, a spot in his right hand showed him that the rays had begun their assaults upon him. His friends told him to stop his experiments. "No," said he, "this is what I know best. The world may be better if I keep on and find out what I can." They amputated his right hand; cut away his arm to the elbow; took off the joint to the shoulder. Then his left hand gave way. He persisted. Amputation after amputation followed. He stood there, that day, his empty sleeves hanging limp from two tiny

stumps, the verdict ringing in his mind, "A few months, and you must die!"

What of that, King Tut? Are you horrified at sight of a man who deliberately gives his life, that his fellows may be spared pain? Are you saying, "He will have no arms when he lives again"?

I seem to hear the voice of Jesus: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it."

You are wrong, King Tut. He that would save his life must will to lose it in the service of the world's need. He that would save his life by careful precautions of preserving will find that he has lost it at the end. Time has his way at last with the pitiful, wistful protests of King Tut's mummy wrappings; but time is powerless to destroy the glory of a sacrifice made for the race of men. This is the truest of immortalities; this is the glory of Jesus; this is the paradox of eternity.

Jesus and Pharaoh

How the faith of Jesus shines against the gloomy background of King Tut's poor religion. How that loving communion with God the Father puts to shame the bewildered gropings of a frightened mind in a world of a thousand jealous deities; how the penniless Jesus, rich in the spiritual treasures of the centuries, rebukes the hoarding Pharaoh; how the Servant of All makes gaudily tinseled the pretensions of the haughty monarch of men; how the sacrificial, self-forgetful immortality of Christ comments on the eager striving of that pitiable mummy.

Yet how earnestly King Tut believed his own poor faith. How deliberately he spent his years living it into action. And how dully and coolly many of us lag on after the banner of Jesus, when our lives should be surging into the conflict and passion of his faith. No one can view the stupendous monument which this deluded Pharaoh erected to his religion without a blush of shame at the realization of our own lukewarm carelessness about the revelations of Jesus. Perhaps we need, now and then, to see what men once believed and how energetically they lived their faith, in order to appreciate the superb gifts of Jesus and the right he has to kingship in our lives.

The Tragedy of Ahknaton

For the real tragedy revealed by this tomb is not King Tut's at all. It is the tragedy of Ahknaton, the most wistful and beautiful figure of antiquity, the first lovable personality to rise above the mists of archæology. Those of you who have followed King Tut's story will know that Tut was not born of the royal line. He reached the throne of the Pharaohs because he married the daughter of a Pharaoh who died without leaving sons to take the royal scepter. This sonless King, whose daughter brought a crown to Tut, was Ahknaton, only a few years before Tut in the unfolding of Egypt's history.

Ahknaton had taken the throne under another name. His parents had called him Amen-Hotep, "a royal worshiper of Amen," and his name honored the sun-god, whose rule all Egypt acknowledged as being above all other gods. Through some circumstances, whose details

we cannot trace, this boy-king had been inspired with great treasures of spiritual truth. Bearing a name which bound him to the old dynasties of competing gods, he came to believe that there was but one god, a god of the spirit. So Amen-Hotep changed his pagan name to Ahknaton, which told every one that he was a believer in one true god of the spirit. He caused to be erased from the records of his reign all mention of the sun-god and the minor deities whose worship he had inherited. He wrote a psalm, which when placed side by side with our One Hundred and Fourth Psalm seems almost like a foreshadowing in thought and language. He summed up his faith in a sentence which might have come from Jesus' conversation in Matthew—"Thou art the mother and father of all thou hast made."

The Light that Failed

By some clairvoyance of spiritual insight, he became convinced of the ultimate reality of selfless achievement, he refused to pile up stores of selfishly accumulated treasures, he stood committed to brotherhood among men, he wrote a code of ethical conduct touched with the glory of Christly love; and so sure was he of the spiritual nature of the universe that he refused to ask that his body be mummified. Where this revelation began, how it grew in his mind, we cannot tell. We know he had it. One thousand years before Jesus, a man stands out upon the horizon of history as having found the truth about God.

And his tragedy? Simply this. He failed to tell it. Why, we do not know. Perhaps lost in contemplation of

the glory, he supposed it would conquer without any particular effort on his part. This much we do know. A few short years pass after his death, and his truth is forgotten. His light is blotted out. His revelation has disappeared from the minds and hearts of men.

A Pharaoh rules who in his life flaunts before the world a pagan name, Tut-Ankh-Amen, "I serve the sun-god 'Amen' before all other gods." Dying, this pagan King Tut leaves a great mound of stones and sand which covers a memorial of trust in the old sordid faith of a materialistic universe. Akhnaton's own daughters have taken upon themselves names after heathen deities; and Egypt has slipped back into the shadowed roads of ancient superstition, menaced by a thousand leering demons, urged on by a lust for possession and power, robbed of redeeming brotherliness, fearful lest one shred of body rot away in the service of others.

We do not know how God selects his chosen people. We do know that chosen people may choose to slip back into darkness and despair. We cannot tell how God lays his hand upon a prophet. We do know that a prophet may forfeit his calling without outbreaking sin or overweening pride—he may lose his royal calling by doing simply NOTHING.

Hear the echoes of it from this newly opened tomb! Truth is not automatically victorious. The revelations of Jesus may be overwhelmed by generations of faithlessness unless we who know and love him tell it.

> If you would win others from sin and from woe,
> Tell it wherever you go!

V

WHAT ARE YOU WORTH?

I NEVER meet new people, never speak to new audiences, without having rise unbidden in my mind a very impertinent and embarrassing question: What are you worth? The great trouble with that question is that it uses the second person pronoun. And the great trouble with the second person pronoun is that it sounds the same in the singular and the plural. Whenever I dare to voice the question, you begin to think, "What are we worth?" That is not the idea at all. I want you to think, "What am I worth?" One by one, you alone, what are YOU worth?

Science Replies

Science has recently suggested an answer. Chemical experts have discovered that the average man who is five feet ten inches in height and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, contains just enough fat for seven bars of soap, enough iron for two ten-penny nails, enough salt to season one hard-boiled egg, enough sugar for one cup of coffee, enough lime to whitewash one medium-sized chicken coop, and enough sulphur to rid one Pomeranian dog of fleas. This whole collection of junk is worth just ninety-eight cents, and that in these days when prices are three times as high as they ought to be. Sixty-six cents a hundred pounds, on the hoof, as is, f. o. b. Syracuse, New York. Of course, the only real objection to a com-

putation like that is its untruth. It makes the big Welsh grenadier, who stands in the ranks of the Welsh regiment and does no more than obey orders, worth twice as much as little Lloyd George, five feet two and one-half inches in height. Something is wrong here. You are not worth what you would bring as beef.

The Answer of Business

Economic theory says you are worth what you earn. The law of supply and demand sets your price. There are some minor exceptions, but on the whole you get just about what you are worth for your services. If this be true, there is a heavy-built, blunt-nosed, uncultured individual, who has not yet been able to buy his way into the American Legion for reasons best known to himself—Jack Dempsey, the heavy-weight boxing champion of the world—who can earn more in forty-five minutes of boxing than a whole regiment of three thousand doughboys could earn in a whole month of trench fighting in France. Jack can pocket in forty-five minutes more money than all the doctors and all the teachers and all the preachers in this city of about 200,000 people can earn in forty-five days. No, sir, the world which believes that a man can be judged on the basis of what he gets for himself is a world that needs to be picked up by the scruff of the neck and introduced to the truth.

What Did You Cost?

Are you worth what you cost? Other things seem to be rated as worth approximately what they cost to produce. Are men? If they are, consider this absurd con-

trast. The most costly man in recent generations was a pallid-faced, retreating-chinned individual whose name was Nicholas, and whose official title was Czar of Russia. Read the recently published Memoirs of Count Witte, and attempt to compute the cost of the czar. His boyish excursions were wild orgies of extravagant expense, his sea-trips were guarded by the whole Russian navy, his schoolrooms were hung with priceless tapestries, his books were decorated by the artists of the world, and tens of thousands of men and women slaved for years in the salt-mines of Siberia, that there might be produced out of their toil that comparatively worthless figure, the Czar of Russia. Meanwhile, America was producing a Lincoln, who read his school-books by a flickering firelight, and chopped rails to pay for homespun cloth, and did not cost much, God knows. Men are not worth what they cost.

Millionaires?

Are you worth what you own or control? We have a careless way of saying, "He is worth a hundred thousand." If that is a fair standard, then Harry K. Thaw is worth more than John R. Mott, plus the Doctors Mayo of Rochester, Minnesota, plus Coolidge, plus Hughes, all tied up in a single bargain package. It is all wrong. You are not worth what you sell for, nor what you earn, nor what you cost, nor what you own. What are you worth?

A New Valuation

Exactly the difference you make in the sum total of human happiness that you leave behind you. No man is

a gentleman unless he produces more than he consumes of this world's goods. And by "goods" we mean happiness. No man has a right to feel comfortable about the balance-sheets of his life, unless he can say to himself, "Well, I never made much money, and I never traveled very far, and the 'four hundred' never noticed me, but, God be praised, there will be a boy come along some day who will have a better chance at life because I lived." You are worth to the world exactly the inheritance in happiness which you leave behind you after you go. Are you living a worth-while life? On the books of life, does your entry show you have left the world happier?

Some Philosophers

Perhaps you will be interested in meeting three of the philosophers who have taught me much about worth-while living. I have enjoyed studying them, partly because they all avoid the technical jargon of philosophic vocabularies and express themselves in a language which you and I can understand—the language of life. The first is, or rather was, Ray Chapman. He was killed in a baseball game several years ago, at the very climax of a pennant race. At bat, with Carl Mays in the box pitching, Ray ducked his head just too late, and a swift incurve hit him on the temple. He dropped where he stood, never to play again. He would be remembered in baseball history if only because he died thus, on the field of conflict. But real lovers of the game will honor him always as the greatest sacrifice-hitter in baseball. For four years he led his league in the percentage of sacrifice hits.

For the Team

I happen to know what a sacrifice hit is. I made one once. To walk out to the plate, while the crowd watches the runner on base, and howls to you to knock the cover off the ball—to get a quiet signal from your captain on the bench ordering you to advance the runner at any risk to yourself—to fight it all out with yourself as you stand there—then to deliberately nurse a soft bunt down toward third, so that you are put out, while your teammate makes his base—to hear the howling complaints of the crowd who wanted you to push the pill over the fence, to feel the hand of the captain on your shoulder as he says, "That was just what I wanted, old man"—in my frank opinion there is no more superb gesture of the human spirit than the sacrifice hit, and no more wonderful reward than the realization that you have conquered yourself and actually done it. All that comes with one sacrifice hit. Think of Ray Chapman. He made a habit of sacrifice hitting. Day after day he could be placed on the batting order for the sole purpose of sacrificing his own fame for the sake of his team. It is the great need of the day. To stifle that gnawing for fame and applause, to work for the sake of your team, your friends, your shop, your lodge, your church, your association, to find joy in the unnoticed, unmentioned, humble services of every day—this is the finest of the arts, the art of the sacrifice hit.

A Real Sportsman

My second philosopher is Tris Speaker, known in baseball as the man who goes after everything. This is no

mean decoration. For the unforgivable sin in baseball is the error, and the playing field is divided into areas of responsibility which can be marked with absolute accuracy, and baseball players have surrendered to the temptation to play safe. Within their own garden, they will do their best, but if the ball is six inches over the other fellow's line, they will "Let George do it." It is his trouble, then.

Be it said to the eternal glory of Tris, that he has never for a moment been tempted into such an attitude of mind. He does more than his legal duty, he fields more than his own limited territory, urged on by the desire that his team may win. He takes his chances on an error without fear. Grantland Rice, the Homer of baseball, once said, "If a man were to let me choose the easiest job in baseball, I'd like to play right or left field while Tris Speaker plays in center." No better epitaph could be selected for the gravestone of an achiever. "He was a good fellow to play next to." Frightfully awkward so far as grammar is concerned, it says the fine truth eloquently. I should like to have men think that about me when I die.

Unafraid of Errors

In these days when men keep their eyes on the time-clocks of their jobs, when people defy the world to get any more work out of them than they are forced to give, I like to think of a man who shows once again the truth of Jesus' words when he insisted that you cannot save life by saving it, you can only save life by sharing it with others. The overflowing, abundant life, said Jesus.

And old Tris stands back in center field, waiting for the batter to hit. The ball starts away. Tris does not stop to calculate whether or not it will fall in his particular territory. Two questions flash in his mind. Can the other fellow get it? No! Can I get it? Let's go! He hurls that gnarled body of his across the green to the last inch of tremendous effort, he reaches, he leaps, he touches the flying ball. If he catches it, the crowds go wild. If he misses it, twenty pencils in the press-box write it down as Speaker's error. Is it an error? It may be in the technicalities of baseball, but it is not in life. And Tris, who knows life, grins, and spits in his glove, and waits for the next one.

True Contentment

My third and last philosopher is Wilbert Robinson, who does not play baseball any more, but who was once the greatest catcher in the game. It is his fate to be charged with the duty of building up a baseball team with very little money to spend. He manages the Brooklyn team. He is allowed only a very small budget. Does he growl and complain? Does he insist that you cannot beat moneyed teams unless you have plenty of money? Does he whine in a corner and say he will not play baseball until he can have what he wants? He does not. He is a philosopher. He takes as much money as he can get, he uses it as skilfully as he can, he fuses as much of himself into that team of cast-offs and bush-leaguers as he can fuse, and then he sends them out to win. And curiously enough, he does win a surprising number of times.

Life's Logic

For I have discovered that life is strangely arranged. The fellow who wins is very seldom the fellow who has everything his own way. The fellow who wins takes life as it is, and uses it for victory. There has never been a life lived since the dawn of time which did not contain enough excuses for failure. And there has never been a life which did not involve enough reasons for success. We choose our company. And the men who prepare in advance, ready for use, a number of logical limitations which make it impossible for them to win, find that of course they always lose. Take what life gives you, change everything you can change, don't whine, use what you can get for victory.

I read a story about a farmer the other day which pleased me immensely. This farmer had been working the same farm for forty years, and he was sick and tired of it. He decided to sell for what he could get. So he sent to the near-by town for an auctioneer, and asked him to put the place up at a sale. The auctioneer came out to look over the place, took out his pencil, jotted down the items which he noticed, and went back to the city to prepare for the big event. The next morning the farmer went down to the R. F. D. box at the end of the lane, took out a long manila envelope, ripped it open, and found what seemed to be printer's proof for an advertising poster, announcing a forthcoming sale. The farmer read every word with great interest, until he came to the last line, and there he read his own name. His interest turned to bewildered surprise. He rushed to the telephone, called up the auctioneer, and said, "Is that my farm?" "Why,

yes," replied the super-salesman, "whose farm did you think it was?" The farmer gasped. "Don't sell that farm," he shouted, "I have been looking for a farm like that all my life!" Life looks so alluring at a distance—so prosaic, near at hand. Yet the real masters of life have schooled themselves to the discipline of actually finding inspiration where they are forced to work. The poetry of today is the victor's song.

Hire an Auctioneer

When I see jaded and dejected men, discouraged and down-hearted women, assailing circumstances with the lukewarm energy which is half-beaten before it begins to fight, I wish I could send for an auctioneer. Make an auctioneer of yourself for a few minutes. Try to sell your life to somebody else. Draw up an ad announcing its most salable features. Then tear up that old ad and throw it into the waste-paper basket, and fight through to victory with what you have. This is the smiling message of Wilbert Robinson.

Edgar Rowland Sill put it in poetry when he wrote:

> This I beheld or dreamed it in a dream—
> There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
> And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
> A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
> Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
> Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
> A craven hung along the battle's edge,
> And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
> That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
> Blunt thing——!" he snapped and flung it from his hand,
> And lowering crept away and left the field.

Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

But Roosevelt made it more epigrammatic when he said: "Life's a game. Don't flinch, don't foul, and HIT THAT LINE HARD! Play up, play up, and play the game."

VI

AN ADVENTURE IN FRIENDLINESS

A BLIND beggar sat by the side of a busy thoroughfare. Careless crowds were passing. He played a battered fiddle with a poor, bedraggled bow. No one stopped to listen. A thin man with a shock of gray hair looked down on the pitiful beggar. Then he reached over and gently lifted the decrepit violin, plucked its strings into tune with the grace of slender, artistic fingers, and tucking it under his chin brought forth from its ancient frame melodies with the sweep of heaven in them. The crowds stopped to listen, the beggar's torn hat was filled with coins, men muttered under their breath, "It is Paganini!" It was Paganini indeed. The great master musician had made his genius felt on the strings of a beggar's violin.

There are violinists great enough to transcend the limitations of a poor, misused fiddle. There are pictures which reach out and attract by their beauty, though framed in tawdry monstrosities and hung in a brutal light; there are women whose loveliness cannot be hidden though they dress in rags; there are church services which touch the heart though they be held in plain, barnlike halls, bare of the ornamentation of stained-glass lights and upreaching arches; there are hymns whose words make them beloved despite poor melodies; there are poems whose innate beauty survives an obvious mistranslation.

Despite Disadvantages

It is with such a passage that we have to deal now. If all the verses in the Bible were submitted to the suffrages of Christian people everywhere in English-speaking lands, the favorite verses, the best-known verses, the best-loved verses would be found in this chapter. Yet I can state quite frankly, as a student of Greek and a lover of English, I know of no passage which has suffered such mishandling in translation. It has survived in its glory, not because of, but despite, its English. And no greater witness to its true eloquence and beauty could be found than this fact—that obscured by verbal infelicities, confused by meaningless meanderings of misunderstood words, it has nevertheless retained its place as a favorite in English-speaking minds.

The Central Word

Its keyword in the Old Version was "charity." There may have been a time when this word, binding up within its scope all that is suggested by our lovely word "caring," might fairly be used to denote Paul's great Christian gift. But that time has long since gone. Charity, to us, means alms-giving, or a certain kindness in judgment. Surely it is much too narrow a word to use now.

The revision attempts to broaden the translation by using "love." But here we err in the opposite direction. "Love" is much too broad. Involving, as it does, all that gamut of emotion, mother-love and child-love, sacred and profane love, it includes a hundred phases which Paul would not include.

I can think of no English word which more closely approximates Paul's word than that good, old-fashioned, glowing, meaningful word "friendliness." The ability to care for one another in the bonds of the church, the ability to be interested in each other's good, the ability to know all about other people and love them just the same—this is the friendliness of which Paul writes. And under the spell of his words, church life becomes a glorious adventure in friendliness.

The Friendliness of the Church

There is a second obscurity which must be cleared up at the outset. The paragraph seems to open with a first person pronoun, "If I speak." Does this indicate that Paul is submitting himself to the test of these words? Not at all. The sentence is a generalization. In expressing the same meaning, the English should properly use, "If you speak," signifying any one—man, woman, boy, girl, or church. And here the letter, addressed not to an individual, but to a church, clearly centers itself on the problem of church life. Wherever this general pronoun "I" occurs in the text, then, we must substitute the implication that Paul is supposing a "church."

"If the church speaks with the tongues of eloquent men and inspired angels" it will sweep on to certain victory. I am substituting, deliberately, a modern mistranslation. Give us eloquence, is the cry of the modern church. Give us a man who has the gift of speech—let him hurl his message out over our city's life, let him convince and convict men of sin, let him lure his fellow-Christians on by the magic of his words, and we shall not fear the result. Give us eloquence.

I yield to no man in my respect for eloquence. I love to listen while a great congregation hangs in mute expectation upon the slow unfolding of spoken words which clothe a thought. I love to watch while congregations quail under the whip-lashes of fury. I love to sense the lightning-flash of revelation illumining every last corner of this great auditorium. Indeed, perhaps I put too high a premium on the gift of speech. For I make bold to assert that no man should be encouraged to enter the preaching ministry of the church, be he ever so spiritual, ever so friendly, ever so earnest, ever so consecrated, unless he possesses the gift of speech. There are countless other places for Christian service. But to place a man in a pulpit without the ability to clothe thought with effective garments of spoken words is as absurdly futile as to attempt to train a one-armed man in the technique of the violin. I go one step further. I insist that every young man who is a Christian and who by God's grace is endowed with the gift of speech, has the burden of proof upon him to enter the ministry. The gift is the call. Do you believe in the insistent propaganda of Jesus? Have you that gift upon which he depends for its victory? Then, if you are unwilling to hurl yourself into the ranks of the ministry you have written upon your life the sign of a coward or a fool. Let no one mistake me. I know the wonder of the gift of speech.

The Chill of Eloquence

But I know, too, that without friendliness in the speaker, matched by friendliness in the church, all eloquence is as meaningless as the ceaseless repetition of

senseless noise. I have heard a score of men whose words were winged by the divine gift of eloquent fire, but whose echoes sounded only "noise, noise, noise"—like the "zing, zing, zing-zing-zing" of a brass triangle, or the "clash, clash, clash-clash-clash" of a resounding cymbal, says Paul; like the "rat, tat, tat-tat-tat" of steam riveters, or the "whang, whang, whang-whang-whang" of a flat wheel on a street-car; like the most meaningless racket you can imagine is the eloquence of a preacher without friendliness, in a church without friendliness.

What Can We Add?

Let us add, then, a gift or two more. To eloquence let us join faith and knowledge. Let us back this preacher with a combination of aggressive fearlessness and prudent caution. Let us be progressive and at the same time wise in our business decisions. And to all this let us add as a concession to this insistent requirement of friendliness, gifts to the poor, and a fine gesture of self-abnegation when we die. "Nothing, nothing!" says Paul, "absolutely nothing, without friendliness."

Identifying Friendliness

How shall we know friendliness when we see it, Paul? First, let me tell you what it is not. It is not easily exhausted; it has a spirit that lasts through a long series of trials; it takes punishment and rebuke and neglect again and again, and comes back for more; it does not exhaust itself in a honeymoon flare of red fire and excitement; it gears itself to the long pull of

the years, and it applies this enduring quality to its kindness. It comes back with a smile.

It never shows jealousy at another's success; it never cultivates the strut of pride; it never inflates itself like an ineffective, absurd pouter-pigeon; it does not take a delight in notoriety which it could achieve from outlandish conduct; it does not exhaust itself searching for its own delight; it takes no satisfaction in a careful reckoning of another's sins; it does not smile when a rival suffers downfall. When you see these things, you may be sure that friendliness is gone.

But when you see rejoicing in another's record of fine achievement, as so often you see it sincere and honest on the fields of sport; when you see a willingness to protect, with a roof of one's own body, those who are exposed to punishment or ill; when you see a deliberate attempt to trust and believe, rather than doubt and discourage; when you see patient endurance through trials—then be glad, for this is friendliness.

The Timeless Virtue

And it is one of the few things in the world which never grow old. It is as young today as in the dawn of time. The first true friend knew as much about it as you can know. The last friend in the infinity of time will know no more. It is perfect in itself.

Knowledge is superseded by new knowledge. Each discovery must confess that it will be forced to yield to new discoveries tomorrow. I have been through such experience myself. I was a boy once and thought I knew some things. Now I am a man, I have learned

new truths. And tomorrow I shall have learned yet others.

Interpretation of God must move on with new light. I see some things about Him now, but I know my vision is dimmed as in a metal mirror which distorts the image. I shall go on seeing more clearly with each experience, confident that some day men will see Him with perfect clarity, face to face, and will know Him as we believe He now knows us. Meanwhile I shall be frank to say that prophecy is not permanent.

But friendliness is timeless. It is international, and spans all generations. Learn its art.

The Risks of Friendliness

I am searching for a final picture of it. My mind goes back to a flag-clad coffin in a chapel where I once preached. The box encloses the body of a yellow-haired, blue-eyed Boy Scout. The gang had gone swimming. On their way home, swinging their dripping bathing-suits, they came to the railroad tracks near their homes. New concrete poles were inviting them to climb, and a shiny copper wire at the top, which they had never seen before, beckoned their adventurous spirits. One of the boys clambered up and reached out toward the gleaming festoon. The shock of bounding electric current stiffened his body and gripped him with the clutch of death. For the first time my boy realized it was a live wire. Without a moment's hesitation he dropped his bathing-suit, scaled the pole, and when he had reached its height, flung himself from its protection and clutched at the hanging body of his friend, as if to hurl it from the grip of that silent

death. But the shock swept through him too, straightened his pathetic form into a stiff rod of paralysis, and held him there till they died, both of them, mute in their symbol of friendliness.

Until Christian friendliness is like that, takes risks like that, cultivates service like that, let us read again and again these precious words of Paul, entering at last into the inner secrets of the great adventure—the adventure of friendliness.

VII

THE STRATEGY OF FOCH

The Marne seems like a far-away dream. Von Hindenburg is a ghost of a buried past. Chateau-Thierry and the Argonne are places in a forgotten history. The emotions of our great world crisis are almost gone. We can hardly believe that once we trembled on the very brink of a mad world of ruin. Only empty sleeves and broken men and a woman's tear-stained cheeks still caught in the agony of an ever-new grief remind us now and then.

> The tumult and the shouting dies,
> The captains and the kings depart.

And out of the mists of yesterday there rises the figure of the man who won the war. Beyond those petty disputes which begin in personal pride, he stands, alone, acknowledged by all those who really know. He is a blue-eyed, soft-spoken, simple-hearted, pious, retiring Frenchman, who wore the horizon-blue uniform of the French army, and who has written his name in letters of imperishable gold on the tablets of the world's remembrance—Ferdinand Foch, Marshal of France, and Generalissimo of the Allied Armies.

The World's Hero

When he came to America after the treaty, the reporters hurried aboard his steamer eager for interviews.

He came to them quite simply, in ordinary military clothes, and waited for their inquiries.

"Where is your sword, Marshal?" asked a voice. A gemmed blade had been given him by his adoring country just before he sailed. He reached into his uniform pocket and found a little silver pencil which he exhibited. "This is my sword now," he said quietly. So quickly had he left behind the pomp and circumstance (and the hate, too, dare we say it?) of the world's great spasm of fury.

His physician was questioned about his supplies of wine. The doctor replied: "The marshal is not by habit a total abstainer. But he believes that he should be friendly enough to America to observe her laws while he is her guest. He will use no wines nor liquors while he is here." God give us a few more Americans who are as decently respectful toward our country as this great Frenchman!

A Question of Strategy

But I am eager to introduce him to you as a master of strategy. It is this phase of his life which has most interested me. I have read his own books of military technique. I have followed his careful lectures to classes of army students. I have examined critical estimates of his work as teacher and executive. And I have made an illuminating discovery.

Foch has not specialized in involved manœuvres or technical theories. He has discovered no new details of deploying, no complicated equations of ballistics. He has reached his world eminence through the revealing and practising of five simple principles of strategy which touch the great problem of handling men.

Supreme Command

His first insistence is "supreme command." We in America have taken great credit for insisting upon unified organization of the Allied fronts. We cite that eloquent telegram which Pershing sent, offering the American forces to the discretion of a central staff. It may surprise us to know that years before the war, Foch as a teacher in the French military academy had insisted upon unified command as a fundamental of strategy. And he had held out for this theory against all opposition when he was forced into the actual circumstances of real war.

He kept saying that it was no use to win in Italy if at the same time you are losing on the Russian front. It is folly to score an advance in Flanders if your line is breaking in the Argonne. In a battle plan involving seven fronts, you are hopeless with seven separate staff groups. Somewhere at the center must sit the man who is authorized to make the central decisions, who will take the responsibility for general results, who can send reserves to a tottering sector, or withdraw strength from an easy trench line. Modern war is impossible without supreme command.

Train for Supreme Command

Secondly, supreme command is impossible without specific training. You cannot expect, says Foch, that young military men will be sent through the ordinary course of promotions and responsibilities only to emerge from the process automatically equipped to be generalissimos. You must deliberately set for yourself the task of getting men ready for the mental and

physical and spiritual strain of world-embracing conflict. You must cultivate the acumen, build up the bodies, and fortify the souls of the men who will some day bend themselves under the unbelievable stress of supreme command.

The Will to Win

His third dictum is a surprising one from a military man. Generals have always been raised in the tradition the "God is on the side of the greatest battalions." Foch denies it. He says, "Morale is more important than material." A battle is not a mathematical computation in which a given number of men equipped with a given number of guns can assuredly outfight a smaller number of men with a smaller number of guns. A battle is a drama, and the side that wins is the side which succeeds in maintaining the "will to win." Or as Clemenceau phrased it, "The victorious army is the army which is fighting fifteen seconds after the enemy has quit!"

Don't Give Up!

There is a naive simplicity about his fourth discovery, "You cannot lose a battle until you have stopped fighting." It sounds obvious, but how many years we have spent learning that truth! There is only one way to lose a battle. That is—to quit. There are other ways to lose trenches, and towns, and men, and guns—but you can find no other way to lose a battle. No battle was ever lost except by giving up.

You remember that historic incident which first brought Foch to the attention of the anxious world. He was in

charge of an involved manœuvre which meant the withdrawal of some shattered British regiments from an exposed position. He had sent some French cavalry to hold the adjacent river-banks, while the English hurried out of the trap. The engagement had just begun. The French cavalry commander telephoned that he had been forced to retire from the river under overwhelming German onslaughts. Foch himself seized the telephone instrument.

"How many men and guns have you remaining at your disposal?"

The cavalry commander reported the number still ready to fight.

"Then," said Foch, "you will immediately retake both banks of the river. You will hold them until your last man and your last gun are out of action. When that has been accomplished, you will telephone me for further instructions!"

Foch was right. The cavalry retook both banks of the river. The withdrawal of the British was properly covered. And the day was turned into a triumph. For a battle is never lost until you have given up.

Attack!

His fifth and last rule is this: "When being pushed back, attack!" It has been amply proved in sport. When the game is going against you, the time has come for aggressive tactics. When the score of your opponents is mounting high and their cheers are confident, when the end of the game looms just ahead and your chances for victory are glimmering, then signal for forward passes, and daring punts and open field play. That

is no time for caution. Foch militarized this principle. When the battle is almost lost, summon a bugler who knows the "Charge!"

There is one despatch which has deserved immortality, though it was composed in the hurry of battle. Foch was in command of a division during the terrible retreat which marked the first German thrust on Paris. Joffre was commander-in-chief of the French forces, manipulating his troops from general headquarters. Out of the wrack of battle came this message from his subordinate: "To Joffre: My right is broken, my left is shattered, my center is in retreat. The situation is excellent. I shall attack. Foch."

Did a thrill of joy run through Joffre's soul as he read those splendid words? The thrill is ours today. And we know that Foch was right in his final insistence. When being pushed back, attack.

The Battle of Life

But all this is so purely military and technical. Why should we be worried with the details of strategy? The war is over. Let us forget it. We shall not need the tactics of armies. This is peace. Let us enjoy it.

You are wrong. What Foch found out about war is absolutely correct strategy for life. There is a text that tells the story: "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." The strategist who controls the battle of his own life is the real generalissimo. The technique of living is more important than the tactics of war. And the principles are strangely interchangeable.

Take the five cardinal principles of Foch. Is "supreme command" a problem for life? I am convinced that no man lives in the hurry of these complex days without fighting his battle over an area of experience which covers at least seven fronts. With lust and discouragement, selfishness and doubt, enemies and errors on every side, that man is doomed to sure defeat who does not order all his forces from within the citadel of control. Do you command life, or does life command you? Do you send reenforcements to places of crisis? Do you withdraw reserves from easy sectors? Are you in command? Benjamin Franklin said it in an unforgettable sentence: "Steer life; let not life steer you!"

Self-control

But do not expect that sense of supreme command without deliberate training for it. We teach people everything else, but we have not yet worked out a curriculum for central control. We have courses for doctors and dressmakers, machinists and manicures, lawyers and lapidaries, but we spend little time on supreme command. Yet we know that we cannot expect to send men up through the grades of ordinary life and automatically produce generalissimos.

They electrocuted a gifted young fellow in Sing Sing last year. He gave a fictitious name, and refused to tell where he had been educated. But it was evident that some college had placed its stamp upon him. He knew philosophy and psychology, talked glibly about history and economics, quoted poetry and classic prose. He was genial and pleasant—an excellent example of culture.

But he had acquired the annoying habit of holding up bank cashiers at the point of a revolver, and demanding their money. Occasionally when they objected, he felt it necessary to shoot them down in cold blood. As they were strapping his hand into the electric-chair, for the execution, he took a last puff of a cigaret, and said, nonchalantly: "Go ahead. I'll try anything once."

There is a fine bravado about that which intrigues us, yet we sense the sordid failure of that life. He had been accustomed to trying anything once. Flitting from chance to chance, he had tried one thing once too often. Utterly uncontrolled by a dominating purpose, he had wandered, wasting his gifts. He had been trained in a score of classrooms, but no one had paused to teach him how to control, how to command, how to direct the intricate strategy of life. Schools and colleges and churches must realize that supreme command is not a by-product of the educational process, but is rather the one great aim, with trade-skill, cultural backgrounds and professional technique as incidentals. We must have a new generation of generalissimos, who will be ready for unified command of obedient, directed forces.

Morale in Peace

Is morale more important than material in life? Does Foch's dictum hold for our battles? Is the "will to win" more important than a million dollars? Does a college education count for more than determined pluck? Is a good name and a flying start worth more than that determination which fights fifteen seconds after the opponents have all quit?

A lad was tramping along the tow-path which skirted a New York State canal years ago. Plainly dressed, he carried over his shoulder a little bundle wrapped in a blue bandanna handkerchief, and he whistled a tune as he swung along. He came to a place where a canal-boat was tied up to a docking wharf, and as he passed, a genial old canal-boat captain hailed the whistling boy.

"Where are you going, son?"

"I'm off to New York, sir."

"What are you planning to do there?"

"I am not at all sure, sir. I want to make my way if I can."

"What's in the bundle you are carrying?"

"Just some clothes and a little lunch."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, sir. One thing. A recipe for making soap."

"Well, New York surely needs soap. Son, some day some boy is going to be the greatest soap-maker in the world; for the life of me I can't tell why you can't be that boy. Sell an honest pound of quality for every pound you sell, give one-tenth of all you earn to the Lord, and we'll hear proud things of you yet!"

"Good-by, sir."

"Good-by, son."

And the boy went on. But he knew what he was planning to do, now. He was planning to be the greatest soap-maker in the world. A dream had filled his life. The little blue bundle was the same, the coarse clothes were the same, the recipe was the same. But morale had entered in. And the world stood aside to let go by a boy who knew exactly where he was going and was determined to get there.

His name was William Colgate. His firm still leads the world. And a part of that consecrated tenth built Colgate University, whose ten thousand loyal sons have carried his name to every corner of the world.

One Way to Lose

Does life prove that battles are lost only when we stop fighting? Can circumstances, enemy reenforcements, mistakes of judgment, beat back the best of courage? Or is Foch right? Is surrender literally the only way to defeat?

Read again that matchlessly moving story of Helen Keller, beaten by forces beyond her control, at the very start of life. Blind, deaf, and dumb, without memory of sight or sound or speech, she seemed doomed to live her life behind impenetrable barriers of disaster. But she would not give up. And her teacher would not give up. Through weary years they toiled together. Helen learned to touch lips gently and sense their spoken message. Helen learned to send her finger-tips over long lines of raised print while she read the Braille sentences. Helen learned to write by finding the keys of a typewriter. Helen learned to speak by forming those stubborn little lips of hers into imitations of what she felt when others were speaking into her waiting fingers. She took a college course, wrote lovely stories, achieved beautiful charities, and today she is as winsome a figure of spiritual glory as has blessed our generation, an eternal rebuke to the whining men and women who lose battles by giving up too soon. There is but one way to defeat—spiritual surrender. There are no other ways.

Forward!

Finally, what can we say about the last demand of our warrior? Shall we adopt for life his startling battle-cry, "When being pushed back, attack"?

There is a magic quality of appeal about Roosevelt in any one of a thousand guises. But I like best to recall him as a little white-faced, slender-armed, narrow-chested boy, wearing heavy-lensed spectacles, standing in the parlor of his New York City home, while his father says:

"Theodore, I think I have given you a brain. But if you ever have a body, I am afraid you will have to make it for yourself. I have fitted up a gymnasium in the attic-room ready for your use. You may start today, if you will."

I like to watch that little boy, shaken with a fearful hacking cough, climb up the stairs, away from the shouting boys on the street, away from the books he loved to read, up to the sober, nerve-straining discipline of Indian clubs and dumb-bells—until one day he found that all those hard hours of labor had made for him a body, bronzed and sturdy, deep-chested and manly, with eyes that tirelessly read hundreds of books, and arms that reached out in challenging lure over his dear America, and a voice that went resounding over every State as he fought for the things he loved.

The Message of the Generalissimo

Foch is gloriously right. Is there a place in your life where things are going hard? No retreat there. Advance! This is the psychology of battle.

What shall we do who carry the fray
For civilization on today?
The war of the angels for goodly right
Against the power of brutish might?
When courage and patience are wearing thin
And endurance is almost driven in
And our angels stand in the waiting hush—
"Remember the Marne, and Ferdinand Foch!"

VIII

CHRISTIAN CRAFTSMANSHIP

Study. The very first word halts us. This sounds like some hermit, some armchair philosopher, or some young and callow professor. We are ready to begin by discounting the advice.

But think for a moment. This is not the cool, sophisticated insistence of a scholar, or the careless remark of an immature pedant. This word was written by an old man, one of the greatest old men in the history of the world. He has lived a life as active and as far-sweeping as ever wrote its record on the pages of remembrance. The urge of his belief has sent him thousands of tedious miles over Roman roads, on storm-tossed ships, as a conquering hero, and as a slave in galling manacles. He has seen men of high and low estate. He has run the gamut of emotion in his faith. The superb heights of clear assurance under the blessed sunlight of God, the bitter struggles of that stupendous wrestling by which he kept his refractory body under control, and the night-dark terror of those unanswered prayers when he asked, and asked and asked again, that the goading thorn be plucked from him—these experiences have left their mark upon his face and his soul. And he is writing now a letter of final counsel to a young man whom he loves as his son. Timothy, lover of Jesus, clean-limbed and boy-hearted, is waiting for the last advice from Paul, battle-scarred

warrior, world-traveler, the good soldier of Jesus. And the first word in this sentence of solemn fervor is *Study.*

We study everything else. The physician pores over his monthly journals and his huge volumes; the lawyer spends time immersed in a flood of new decisions and old precedents; the business man reads Babson, and Dow, and the *Federal Reserve Bulletin,* with special attention reserved for the trade mediums of his enterprise; housewives turn the pages of the cook-book, and *Good Housekeeping.* Even the telephone book receives more careful conning and respectful attention than do the things of our religion.

And we do everything else with our religion but study it. We boast that we feel it, something in us is seized by the sense of it, and we surrender to it. Some of us claim to enjoy it, really to delight in the glow of it. We are willing to admit, if pressed, that most of the time we try to live it, to act it, to incorporate it. But all this will not satisfy Paul. He is unwilling to lift his hand of guidance from the shoulder of Timothy until he has looked him fair in the eyes and has said with all the solemnity of a farewell, " Study, study, study."

Our Bible Illiterates

The word comes with a shock of surprise to our minds. Yet how much we need its sober counsel. Ask any modern congregation to look up the nineteenth chapter of Hezekiah, and nine out of ten people present will begin to leaf over the pages of the Bible in search of a book which of course they can never find, and which they would never have expected to find if they had the

slightest working knowledge of the Book. Submit the younger generation to a test on Bible information. You will be amazed at the vast chasms of abysmal ignorance which are revealed. Obviously it is necessary in such tests to allow for those eccentricities of mind which cause students to write down the most absurd thing which occurs to them in answer to a simple question. But when due allowance has been made for "spoofing" and jokes, we are still compelled to admit that there are few traces of real Bible study on the young mind of today. The saddest symptom of this desperate condition is apparent to any one who watches hordes of Christians go shifting about from fad to fad, like clouds of sand blown by a desert wind from hillock to hillock. From Christian Science to New Thought, and from New Thought to Applied Psychology, and from Applied Psychology—whither? Oh, can we not take Paul's word and build beneath our lives a firm foundation of study, enough to be steady under the assaults of wind, enough to be able always to give a reason for the faith that is in us? Let us hear the reproving demand echo in our ears—Study, study, study.

The Aim of Study

To Show Thyself Approved. Here at last we begin to feel perfectly at home. This is our idea, exactly. These words come directly from our vocabulary. When we study, this is precisely our motive. We study to show ourselves approved. We study to pass the test.

A period of long and indolent carelessness is menaced by the approach of an examination. We realize our unpreparedness. Regret assails us. We begin a feverish

campaign of cramming. We sit up late into the night. We drink great beakers of steaming coffee and bind our aching heads with wet bandages. Blear-eyed, we stumble into the examination room. Our minds are ingeniously clear. We view the questions. We answer as skilfully as we can. With a great show of eagerness we fling ourselves upon the questions which we recognize as being within our ken. With a huge flourish of meaningless words we attempt to hide our ignorance of the other things we ought to know. And after a totally unsatisfactory hour or two of bluffing and stalling, we emerge, hoping to "get through," and sighing, "There, that's over!" And we mean it quite literally. We have been studying to show ourselves approved.

God's Test

Unto God. Like the tolling of a great bell sounds this death-knell to the mean pretensions of our petty souls. This test is no game with a more or less obtuse instructor. There is no inviting opportunity to win in a contest of wits. God is the great examiner, and to him all subterfuges are vain, all wordy paragraphs of excuse are futile. We must submit our life unto God.

The Joy of the Craftsman

A Workman that Needeth not to Be Ashamed. Apparently this test before God is not intended to be an end in itself. We are not to consider the examining as an incidental barrier over which we leap into areas of forgetfulness and freedom. All this study is but an

apprenticeship for a profession which will utilize every item of our technique. We are laborers, committed by consecration to a skilled task. This study is to be the training for the creative life of Christianity on beyond.

And into the actual practise of our profession we are to bring that uniquely beautiful joy, the joy of Christian craftsmanship. Leaving the theoretical pedantry of our studies, we may now begin the exquisite experience of making beautiful things with our faith.

It is a joy which has lost its meaning to thousands of modern hearts. There was a time when each craftsman personally saw his product through to completion. He used his skill upon each separate process involved, and when his handiwork was completed he could handle it, examine it, admire it, and feel a thrill of pride in it. But today few men sense this glory. A score of whirring machines contribute infinitesimal elements toward the completion of a single simple part. Each man attends to the absurdly monotonous repetition of one concealed creative act. All day long he does this one thing, over and over again, never seeing the finished results of his labor, flanked on every side by men who are doing to the same product other monotonous and regular things. Whether or not the skill and pride of a craftsman can survive the hurly-burly of modern machine-civilization may be a question for the future. It is sufficient here to say that in most workmen the sense of craft-pride is absolutely gone.

There was a shoemaker in one of Galsworthy's stories who refused to cheapen his product in order to meet competition. In an age of shoddy chicanery, he persisted in buying the best leather, the finest findings, and expending

upon them the enthusiastic skill of a trained craftsman. He starved to death, of course, and his last customer entered the shoe-shop one morning to find the wan form bent over a pair of beautifully made, unsellable shoes. Perhaps the spirit of the guild-creator had to die so tragically. Surely there is no way of feeling like that about a pair of shoes, when all you do is to make one cut over and over again in successive pieces of leather which other men selected and prepared, and which other men still will sew, and fit, and finish, and sell.

Craft-pride

Yet life perishes without the stimulation of some such pride. Perhaps we shall be driven to seek it in our religious life. Perhaps Christianity offers the field in which alone we may sense the strange joy of workmen unashamed, undismayed by the threat of inspection, confident in the quality of our work.

When Booker T. Washington, as a boy, walked the weary miles to a school which he thought might take him in, he was greeted at the entrance with the discouraging information that there was no room for him. Something of the tragedy of his disappointment must have been apparent, for the woman who greeted him with refusal, paused and asked him to clean and dust the room in which they stood, while she went out to attend an appointment. When she came back, she took from her sleeve a little lacy handkerchief, freshly-laundered, and went over some of the obscure corners of the room searching for dust. The little kerchief was fresh and spotless as before. Then she turned to the young Negro boy and said quietly,

"We can always find room somewhere for one more boy like you!" And he began his blessed journey on the shining high-road of world service.

What was passing through his wistful mind, as he watched that lacy handkerchief explore his task! What gleam of satisfaction shone in his big eyes as he knew she would find no dust! This is the joy of a task well done—the satisfaction of a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

At Sea

Rightly Dividing the Word of Truth. The translation through the verse has been crystal-clear until we reach this concluding clause. But the English words puzzle us here. "Rightly dividing" brings no clear, meaningful picture to our minds. "When in doubt, turn to the original," is good counsel for all readers of the Bible and especially for those who have taken upon themselves the duties of Bible study. A glance at the Greek back of this stubborn English expression is immediately illuminating. The word here translated "dividing" is a very general and broad Greek verb which is used to denote all cutting, separating, parting operations. The lopping off of the limb of a tree in pruning; the splitting of a great log with a wedge; the scissoring of pieces of cloth; the plowing up of a furrow; the incisions of a surgeon working in human flesh—all these acts are covered by the general word "divide." In any particular case, the precise meaning must be decided by what precedes and what follows in the sentence, by the context, by the discovery of what is "divided."

In this particular sentence, the word "divide" is linked

by compounding with the adverb "rightly," so that the two words in English are actually only one word in Greek. This compound word, "rightly dividing," is used in classic and New Testament Greek as well, to mean one thing only—"to steer a straight course," "to navigate well," "to cut the waves skilfully and wisely," always against a background of sea-faring. And here it unquestionably means, "Commanding with skill the ship of your life, by means of the word of truth." With one of those quick turns in figure of speech, Paul has transferred our minds from Christian craftsmanship (skill in the trade of the Christian) to Christian craftsmanship (skill in the ships of the Christian). And we are thinking of life in terms of a voyage.

Out of Experience

Out of what hidden chapter of his experience did Paul drag forth this figure of speech for this use? Do we not remember? Only a few months before, a prisoner under guard, watched by Roman soldiers, he had stood upon the deck of a rearing, balking ship, while a howling wind wrenched her timbers and drove her scudding toward the rocky shore. The sailors, like cowardly rats, had tried to escape by dropping a little boat over the stern and making off in it. Fear was rampant. Paul took command. The ship became a living organism of articulate effort. Plan took the place of panic. Dawn came up to keep courage high. The storm quieted. They knelt on the deck and gave thanks. The scene rises before him like a dream as he writes this deathless sentence, "steering with skill in the word of truth."

And before my mind another picture rises. We are on board a great gray battle-ship. Dawn is coming over the shore hills of France. Ten days ago we sailed away from our own dear land, on perilous duty bound. Our captain had sealed orders. He was to take charge of twelve great troop-ships, guard them safely through all circumstances, and bring them on a certain morning, at a certain time, to a certain spot off the coast of France, there to be met by a flotilla of American destroyers ready to pilot our troop-ships into their assigned harbor-berths. And now it is the fated morning and the appointed time. We have fought our way through storm and stress; engine troubles have vexed us, balky ships have delayed us, clouded skies have bewildered us, torpedoes have assaulted us, submarines have thrust out their slimy fangs at us like snakes in a pool. Is this the right spot in this waste of wild waters? Are we on time? Will our ally ships meet us here?

The Welcome "Well Done"

Far over on the horizon a lookout catches a gleam of flashing light, coming up out of the dawn. There is a smudge of smoke hull-down on the rim of the world. From every corner of the East, little vessels like swarming insects come closing in at fierce speed. Our friends have come to take over our ships. They are signalling a silent welcome. We spell out the light-flashed words, "On time O. K.," they are saying. The long vigils are forgotten, the strain of the responsibility slips off like a garment; we bound off toward home, engines throbbing and pounding with released speed. And as we pass the

France-bound troop-ships, we cheer like mad schoolboys to the khaki-clad hosts of our comrades in arms. And they cheer back. We have brought them over safely, and on time. It took all our skill, all our patience, all our courage, all our ingenuity, but here they are, safe and on time.

Steer a wise course, Christian, through the seas of life. The storms are fierce, enemies lurk in hiding, discouragements are many. But use all the skill you have, study what truth you can find, chart your position often, and steer a wise course.

IX

DENOMINATIONAL DISARMAMENT

I AM about to issue a call to an interdenominational conference on disarmament. The place and time of meeting will be announced later. I am now hard at work on the preliminary plans.

I have it in mind to introduce the conference idea with a great armistice celebration at the burial of two unknown heroes. One of my martyrs was an overworked missionary in a huge field of swarming pagans. He had five hundred thousand people in his parish. He had literally hundreds of sick patients seeking him every week. He had a little wooden outhouse for an office. He used a tiny corrugated-iron hut for a hospital. As he watched the young life and the old life which invaded the privacy of his waking and sleeping hours, he often thought of that sentence from Darwin, the scientist, "You might just as well try to convert cattle." Yet when this judgment sounded most dully and somberly in his mind, he was refreshed to hear the melodies of Christian hymns float out over the compound from little meetings of happy Christian natives, and in his times of deep despair, he could look upon them joyously sharing the symbols of Christian communion. We ordered him back home occasionally and made an exhibit of him, sending him from church to church, with orders to drum up contributions so his work might not be abandoned. So he had a chance

to live for a little while in our best homes, eat fine food, sleep in soft beds, look upon splendid clothes. It did not seem to spoil him, nor discourage him from his work. He wanted to go back to his miniature hospital. But of course, this furlough plan did not exactly rest him. And when he did take up his work again, he found that he could not say "No" to the needs around him. He could not sleep when untended people were writhing in pain all around him. The sense of his half-million benighted, anguish-wracked, terror-stricken neighbors oppressed him. He performed operations when he should have been resting. He journeyed through terrible trails when he should have been reading quietly. He grew haggard and nervous. His eyes shone with a haunted brightness. He had a way of murmuring to himself as he walked about and worked, and the burden of his murmur was a rather pitiful repetition, "O Jesus!" They say he managed to whisper it hoarsely just before he died.

We need not name him. Let him be an unknown hero. Let us bury him with pomp and ceremony.

Another Hero

My second nameless martyr was an undersupported minister in a tiny village church. There were only a thousand people within reach of his church. There were six separate churches in his village to care for them. He had a bare board box of a church building, and around him rallied thirty or forty faithful folk. His salary was pitifully small. The parsonage was cold and meager. His family was undernourished and poorly clad. Of course, he had no money for books and magazines.

Preaching without the slightest contact with outside thought was a terrible drain. Nothing much could be done. What really hurt was the limitation on the children he loved. And he had given his life to the cause of Jesus with such joy and hope only a few years ago. The terrible cruel impenetrability of his barriers broke his heart and killed him. His last thought was for his wife and their tiny sons, condemned to pitiful penury.

Let him be nameless. We shall bury his body with pomp and solemnity. He gave his life for us. Honor him then with bared heads.

And when the two martyrs have been entombed, shall we not bow our heads in shame to pray for forgiveness? We have consented to their death. We have erected and maintained the system which crushed out these lives. We have built this structure of denominational armament which killed these men and countless others whom they represent. God forgive us!

The Conference Opens

I am planning to invite to the conference which follows, representatives of all the Protestant denominations. We shall open the session with a repetition of Christ's prayer in the garden of Gethsemane. Perhaps some shattered missionary who is back for a bit of a rest after the taunts of heathenism, would be willing to lead us in this devotional period. I want to have the key-note speech made by Doctor S. Earl Taylor. You remember him, of course. After his stupendous achievement as leader of the Methodist Centenary Movement, he suggested that a united Christendom,

moving forward in an Interchurch World Movement, might shake the battlements of sin into dust and ruins. But we failed his dream, and he is an invalid now on a Western ranch, striving for courage and confidence again. I think we might prevail on him to repeat that great address of his in which he said, "The great problem of the Protestant Churches is not so much to get together as it is to keep apart—at least a half-a-mile apart!" He knows, for he has bruised his life against our selfishness.

Some Pertinent Facts

My own proposal which I should like to broach to the conference is a rather simple one. I think I should preface it by marshaling some pertinent facts about our present situation in armament. Take the disgrace of our overchurched communities. There are New England villages of one hundred and fifty inhabitants with six churches. There are Pennsylvania towns with six going Protestant communions to four hundred and fifty total population. There is a township in the East with one thousand people and eighteen churches. Alaska has fifty thousand people, about evenly divided between whites and natives. There are one hundred and seventy-one missionaries working among the Alaskans, and they represent the following competing churches: Presbyterians, Methodists, Disciples, Baptists, Friends, Swedish Evangelical, Lutheran, Moravian, Episcopalian, Congregational, Greek Catholic, and Roman Catholic. A single tiny sect has in recent years suffered secessions which have resulted in (1) The Church of God, (2) The True

Church of God, (3) The Only True Church of God. Of the nine thousand eight hundred Presbyterian churches, over five thousand have less than one hundred members. Have you ever worshiped or preached in a church with less than one hundred members? I have. No impact on the community, no thrill in the services, no decent wage for the minister. Indeed my own best piece of church work was the preparation of one such tiny church for the act of self-abnegation involved in joining with a larger church of the same denomination within easy walking distance. "The needless multiplication of churches means half-filled pews, half-hearted enthusiasm, a generally dreary and depressing atmosphere, in which it is difficult to cultivate an eager spirituality; it means division of forces, impaired prestige, diminished power to fight for right against wrong!" This is the studied judgment of a Christian statesman.

Meanwhile there is a kindred disgrace in underchurching. Compare the New England statistics with the situation in Colorado, where there are one hundred and thirty-three villages without a Protestant church, and one hundred villages with no church at all. Glance at South America, until within the last few months an almost utterly neglected continent of pagan darkness.

New Sins of Armament

The most recent crimes of denominational armament are obvious to any one who will glance at our mad competition which is now spending itself in a craze for denominational cathedrals at Washington. Practically every church body is feverishly spending hundreds of

thousands of dollars without regard to neighborhood needs or decent cooperation, all anxious to make sure that no denomination outdoes them in a splendid towering building which will "represent" them on the broad streets of our national capital. There never was a race in "dread-naught" building so utterly indefensible. And we are now madly attempting to get denominational footholds in Continental Europe, watching each other like jealous vultures, shouting sectarian slogans with no slightest heed to ordered allocations or cooperative assault on a common enemy. No wonder Rome laughs. No wonder Jesus' cause is a travesty upon brotherly cooperation.

With the facts all presented, I should demand an answer to this question. Churches of Jesus, in God's name, against whom are you arming? Surely not against your brethren. Rather against the devil and all his angels, against spiritual wickedness in high and low places. Then plan your armament against your real enemy. Waste no time nor effort in gestures of mean jealousy at the other regiments in your division. There must be no sectarian spite. There must be no proud hiding of failure. There must be no more thoughtless, fruitless showy competition—no entrance upon a race for separate prestige. But instead a definite attempt to know one another, our histories, our achievements, our mistakes, our leaders, our hopes. There must be declared an immediate naval holiday on all inner quarrelings. Down with all church jingoes, all the war parties, all ecclesiastical Prussians, though they mask themselves in the eager visage of a denominational secretary, or in the benevolent smile of a rich man who has ambitions to be a little Kaiser.

Together for Victory

Then on, in a combined assault upon our common foes. The unchurched millions of our country, the tragic blight of rotting heathenism, the rampant disrespect for law which threatens our dear republic—are not these challenges stirring enough?

Add then this terrific responsibility. General Tasker Bliss has said, "If there is another world war, the Christian Church will be responsible for it!" Can it be? O, can it be? To our knees in beseeching prayer.

But halt! No man can pray for love between nations until he has prayed for love between churches. No man can hope for international brotherhood while Christian sects slay each other with hateful campaigns of assault. No man can demand a world of ordered peace, while churches arm with silent fury to do battle with other churches. The prayer would be crushed in a sky of brass.

Christian brothers, let us disarm!

X

LESSONS FROM MY FORD

HENRY FORD'S director of social work was addressing a great audience in a city auditorium. He began by asking, "Is there any one in the room who has never seen a Ford?" There were several moments of contemplative silence, and no show of hands at all. Then he said quietly: "I am rather sorry. Mr. Ford authorized me to say tonight that if I found any one in my audience who had never seen a Ford, I could offer to supply one to that person free of charge." That was at least one Ford joke which was not on the Ford.

Sermons in Stones

I am to bring to your attention tonight five simple, yet fundamental, lessons which I have learned from my Ford. If it seems a bit absurd to you that the Ford should stand as a text-book in philosophy, I have only to say that a man is no student at all if he demands that all his lessons come from professors or careful paragraphs in technical tomes. That king was touching on a profound truth when he summoned some tutors for his young sons and started them at their teaching work with the brief injunction, "You are to make yourself unnecessary as soon as possible." The real art of the teacher is to make himself unnecessary as soon as possible. The only justification of a text-book is that it prepares you to learn

lessons outside of its pages and without its aid. A college course is a crippling thing unless it makes you able to learn profound truths from the commonplace life which surrounds you. And preachers have failed miserably unless they have made you hungry to make your own sermons out of the material of your living. "Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything," wrote Shakespeare. Surely I can find at least five lessons in a marvel like a Ford. And I quote the best of Scriptural authority for my attempt, for Jesus made his truths real in the stories of every-day life; seeds, nets, lamps, coins, trees, servants, leaven—all gave him insights into the lessons which his fellow men had to learn at his teaching. These are the five warnings which my Ford gives me for life.

The Gas Supply

First, watch your gasoline! To the naked eye, there is no apparent difference between a Ford with gas, and a Ford without. Indeed, as the gas approaches the danger-line in the tank, the car goes puffing along just as if everything were all right. Perhaps a little rise in the road, or a sudden turn of the wheels, and you hear an ominous fit of futile coughing in the otherwise normal motor. Then she slows up and stops, and the most frantic efforts with the gas and the spark levers fail to bring results. You look around you. To your dismay you discover that you are miles away from gasoline. For thus it seems to happen. The place where your supply runs out is usually the place where you need gas most. We are living in the midst of a hurried civilization where men and women need to be told to watch their gas. Gas

is energy. And you must keep your energy tank well filled. You may look perfectly normal, you may be performing with fine skill your appointed task. And yet your gas supply may be so low that a little extra rise in the road or a little extra load, and to your great surprise you stop running and cannot go on. And you usually find that the place where you run out of energy on the road of life is exactly the place where you need it most. Blue rings form around your eyes, your hands begin to tremble at their work, you do not sleep and do not eat as you should. The warnings are clear. You are running out of gas. Slow up, spend the necessary time and effort and money to get your tank refilled. Do not allow yourself to be stranded on the side of a lonely country road of inactivity. Watch your gas!

Life's Lubrication

Second, watch your oil! If gasoline is the pep of life, then oil is politeness. And politeness is as necessary to life as oil is to a Ford. The whirring bearings, the plunging pistons, the creaking springs, all must have the fine lubricating influence of courtesy, or your motor will become a wreck. There is so much terrific motion in the mechanism of a car, that friction must be eliminated as far as is mechanically possible. And the friction problem of a Ford is simple when compared with the friction problem of a human life. Fortunately enough the people who need warning about gas, seldom need the warning about oil. It is the charging, energetic, indomitable, achieving people with plenty of energy on tap all the time who must be cautioned occasionally that life must be lubricated by consideration of others. And the success-

ful motor, as well as the successful life, is a skilful combination of just the right amount of pepperino with just the right amount of salve and oil.

Keep Cool!

Third, watch your radiator! For the radiator is that magnificent device which keeps a motor cool when things are getting too hot, and keeps a motor warm when the surroundings are too cold. In the summertime, the problem is to keep everything open, to keep the fan buzzing merrily round, to keep the circulating water cool around the cylinders, and to avoid steaming over. In the wintertime the problem is to keep your radiator from freezing up and to maintain a reservoir of warmth around your cylinders. And the Ford is equipped to strike a happy balance in the midst of differing climatic and service conditions. I wish we might spend more time devising a suitable radiator for human spirits. We are either too hot or too cold most of the time. When the sun is beating down on us, and the road is sandy and rutted, and everything is going dead wrong, most of us begin popping off steam, and then our motors stall. When the atmosphere is cold, and indifference is in the air, and the chill of selfishness is all around us, most of us lack the ability to stay good and hot, ready for the next job. Watch your radiator.

The Efficiency of Patience

Fourth, watch your tires! Tires are the inflated cushion of patience which take up the shocks of the road. If life were a smooth boulevard of level asphalt, and the

loads were always light, we might be justified in carelessness about our tires of patience. But you don't have to drive long before you come to recognize the red bars and the gleaming danger lanterns which indicate a detour, the roads torn up for repairs, the ruts of winter, the dust and sand of summer, and the frightful mud-puddles that seem to be the constant fate of some lives. You must keep tires inflated hard enough to protect the tires themselves. Too soft is comfortable, but fatal to the fabric. And yet you must have them soft enough to absorb the shocks of the road, not only for your own comfort, but also for the life and efficiency of the car. Just so in life. Even if you are unwilling to be patient for efficiency's sake, it is the only way to get along pleasantly at all. The journey is bound to be a poor one unless you have learned how to watch and care for the tires of patience and forbearance.

The Heart of the Machine

Fifth, and last, watch your electricity! You may not have a self-starter in your life, but if you have none, you are probably a crank and have to start that way. Most of us need a storage battery of energy, to give that first sudden twist to our mechanism and get us started on the various journeys of life. All of us need a battery to make sure of the first sparks of ignition for the first explosions. And all of us need the steady gleam of the headlights for night driving. Watch your electricity! See that your batteries are kept charged. Have your wiring in good order. Make sure that that invisible, imponderable, misunderstood, almost unbelievable force called *religion* is stored up in your life. You may insist

that I am particularly fussy about this point because I happen to be a minister, and as such I run a battery-service station. You are right. I am a specialist in the care of the vital current of life, *religious faith.* And because I have seen so many lives go out of commission through carelessness in battery service, I tell you quite frankly to watch your electricity. No man has any right to expect to keep his batteries charged under the strenuous road conditions of these terrific years, unless once or twice a week he pulls up beside a church door and takes a little time off to have his batteries reenergized. Watch your electricity!

For the Long Journey

Whenever you see a Ford from this time on, remember these five simple warnings which I have learned from my own gay jitney. And you will be better men and women. This is religion, so to translate the commonplace experiences of life into wisdom and prudence that you are better equipped for the trials and delights of the long road called Life.

XI

BELGIUM AND YOU

If you had been traveling through Belgium early in 1914, and had stopped to ask the question, "What is the Kingdom of Belgium?" you would have been met with an interesting variety of answers. The replies would have depended altogether on the mind of the person answering. One man might have said, "The kingdom of Belgium is 11,373 square miles of territory, bounded on the north by the Netherlands, on the south by France, on the east by Prussia, and on the west by the North Sea." Such an answer would have been absolutely correct. I looked it up in a geography a few moments ago.

Another man might have replied, "The Kingdom of Belgium consists of 7,500,000 people, living in five principal cities, Brussels, Antwerp, Liege, Bruges, and Ghent, besides the villages and farming communities." His information would have been just as accurate. My encyclopedia confirms it. A third informant might have volunteered: "The Kingdom of Belgium is a limited monarchy, with King Albert at its head." And no man could have contradicted him.

The Truth About Belgium

Yet strangely enough, while all these answers were true, no one of the replies, nor all three of them together, told the whole truth about the Kingdom of Belgium.

Suddenly something unbelievable happened. A thrill of news ran through the consciousness of that little country. War had been declared. An army was battering at her boundaries. Every atom of force was needed to hold back the invader.

From every city and town streamed forth those rivers of adventurous life now needed in the conflict. Young men in strange new uniforms, awkwardly carrying rifles, marched out to the fight. The little Belgian army took a stand, held it miraculously as long as they could, then fell back to another position. The enemy pressed closer. In the cities back of the battle-line, one could hear the dull boom of cannon, sometimes when the wind was right one could detect the sharp rat-tat-tat-tat of machine-gun fire, the air grew heavy with clouds of smoke which bore the bitter tang of burning homes and factories. Then along the roads which led to the Netherlands and safety, trudged pathetic little processions of very old men, and staggering gray-haired women, and buxom mothers carrying bundles of possessions over their shoulders, looking back now and then at the threatening billows of smoke, while they dragged along the weary miles tiny toddling children who cried for their daddies and did not know what it was all about. Poor bewildered Belgium!

A New Idea

Until one day, the people of Belgium awoke to find that if Belgium had been a block of territory, then Belgium was no more, for those fair hills and valleys were the possessions of a conquering foe, the cities were laid waste, and only a meager corner up near the coast remained as a

remnant of the Belgium which had been. If Belgium had been 7,500,000 people, Belgium was gone, for the men had been slaughtered by thousands, and the women and children were scattered like autumn leaves before the fury of a whirlwind. If Belgium had been a limited monarchy, Belgium had disappeared, for Brussels was now general headquarters for the invading divisions, a foreign general swaggered through the royal palace, the senators and representatives were fugitives, and King Albert himself, wrapped in his old army mantle, was sleeping by the side of the road, surrounded by a few soldiers who loved him. Yet they knew that Belgium existed. Where? From this experience they drew a new and a beautiful truth.

They began to realize what they should have known all through the years, that Belgium was not a geographical, statistical, governmental fact, to be held out at arm's length and analyzed. Belgium was a dream, a hope, a memory, a loyalty, which lived only within their hearts, to be defended by their courage, to suffer loss only if they were not true, to be destroyed only if they forgot and were disloyal. The Kingdom of Belgium was within them. They held its destinies in their hands.

Changed Relations

When this discovery captured their minds, two things happened. First, some things which had seemed very important, became very insignificant in their lives. There were women in Belgium who had spent the spring and summer months getting ready for the opening of the court season in the fall. They had lived upon the expec-

tation of it. What will be worn? How will the styles go? Who will be invited? Who will be snubbed? What will the big events be? These questions formed the substance of their dreams and their talk. But when they began to realize that the kingdom was within them, all these frivolities of fashion seemed very small. They were lost before the great need of Belgium.

There were men in Belgium who had centered all their love and hopes in their sons. They had saved and sacrificed that their boys might have a chance. All their own disappointments seemed to find healing in their sons' plans. Perhaps one had sent his boy to medical college, and would spend the hours dreaming of that day when the boy would open his office in the big city, and the father would go down and sit in the waiting-room and watch the patients go in discouraged and faltering, only to come out a few moments later hopeful and eager. Perhaps one had sent his boy to an engineering school and hoped some day to walk out upon a new bridge with the great crowds, saying within his heart: "This bridge is safe for all of you. I know. My boy built this bridge." Life focused in their sons' bright hopes. But when they realized that Belgium was within their hearts, and that Belgium needed their boys, they choked back the weary sobs, and sent their sons into the army. Some things which had seemed very important melted away into nothingness before the burning need of Belgium.

A New Standard

At the same time, another transformation was taking place. Some things which had seemed very unimportant

began to take on primary importance because of their relation to Belgium. Those same women who had lived in the world of gossip and fashion, had been trained in the simple technique of amateur nursing. As schoolgirls they had been taught the elementary motions of the sick-room. They could make up smooth beds, cook simple invalid diet, staunch a wound, make a tourniquet, prepare a bandage, keep things antiseptically clean, fix a tray to tempt an appetite, and watch blood flow without fainting. All these things had been mere child's play before. They had almost forgotten that they had learned them. But when they sensed Belgium's need, they realized that this half-forgotten training was the only thing they had with which to serve their kingdom. And by the scores, they volunteered for hospital service, bound up hundreds of broken men, smoothed pillows for dying boys, saw blood and ragged flesh for an endless procession of terrible days, grew haggard and wan under the inhuman pressure of it, for Belgium!

Those same men had learned perhaps to drive a motor-car with some degree of ease. They knew something about engines, could change tires quickly, mastered automobile routes, and gained control of the machines they used. Only fun, of course, reserved for Saturday afternoons and Sundays when the weather was bright. But now it became apparent that Belgium needed all they had, and all they had was this previously insignificant ability to drive these cars. It had become the most important thing in their lives. Hundreds of them drove their machines to general headquarters; big purring limousines, and little rattly-bang trucks massed outside ready for use, devoted to Belgium.

Boy Scouts in Wartime

There were Boy Scouts in Belgium, very much like our Boy Scouts here. They learned the same stunts: how to carry a helpless form; how to skulk through woods without making any noise or leaving any trail; how to draw maps with rough accuracy; how to signal with tiny flags from one hill to another; how to love and honor their native land. It was just play to them, and the grown-up boys had a way of teasing these imitation soldiers.

But one day arithmetic and spelling suddenly seemed strangely unimportant. Belgium needed every boy. Troop after troop, these Boy Scouts reported for duty with the army. This technique which they had learned in fun, became their chief glory. It was the one thing Belgium could use. They did creep noiselessly through woods where enemy platoons were waiting; they did carry in wounded men over their slender shoulders; they did signal news of troop movements from hill to hill, and two of them, caught outside Liege by the sudden onrush of the great gray horde, were shot down in their tracks, and lay by the side of the road all day long, their signal flags still fluttering feebly in their still hands, their blond hair waving in the breeze, their dead eyes seeking some reason in the blue of a pitiless sky. They had come to know what they should have known years before, that Belgium was not a pink spot on a map, nor a set of formidable population statistics, nor a difficult paragraph in a civics book. Belgium was a part of their lives. The kingdom was within them. They had maintained its glory.

Another Kingdom

Nineteen hundred years before, a man was talking in quiet tones to a group of intent listeners. He was speaking about a kingdom. For months he had lived with them, prayed with them, traveled with them, laughed with them, suffered with them, hoping to tell them plainly the truth about this kingdom of his. He had told them matchless stories about its people and its policy. Like a woman who lost a coin, he said; like a net, like a mustard-tree, like wise and foolish maidens, like a sower and his field, like a father who waits through the long days peering down the road for the sight of his boy who has run away. Still they did not quite understand. Their brows would wrinkle and their smiles would vanish, as they tried to follow his thought.

Then one day, as they pressed close to him, and a great crowd hemmed them in, he said this wonderful thing:

"The kingdom of God is within you!"

I have wondered whether that simple sentence cleared away all their darkness. Did they fully understand? Did their ready smiles tell him that he had succeeded at last? I am not sure. Perhaps their frowns vanished.

Has It Come to You?

But what interests me more is this. Do you fully understand? Have you caught the significance of the message? Here is a test for you. Do important things seem insignificant to you if they have no vital relation to the kingdom of God? Do unimportant things bulk large

when they seem to have value for the progress of the kingdom? Have you analyzed your life and selected for survival and devotion the things Jesus can use?

What is the church to you? To some men it is an interesting set of statistical accumulations. To others it is an aggregate of church buildings and organs and ministers and choirs. To others it is a bulwark for a creed or form of church government. But to Jesus it is the kingdom militant. It is his dream in battle array. And that kingdom, if it exists at all, exists not in year books, not in buildings, not in formalities, but in you, to be defended by your courage, to lose ground only by your retreat, to be destroyed only as you forget and neglect and deny.

Some Kingdom Warriors

Paul knew the wonder of it: "Thou therefore, Timothy, endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ." "I have fought a good fight." Livingstone knew the glory of it: "I shall place no value on anything I now possess or may possess, save as it has value to the kingdom of God." Yates knew the demand of it: dying after years of missionary service, he said: "So much work to do. And I can't do any more of it. God needs men!"

Bill Borden knew the glow of it. With an allowance of $10,000 a year at Yale, men urged him to buy a big car and have a real time. "What?" said Bill, "buy a car, when the price of a good car will keep my little hospital going in China for all next year? No car for mine." He died on his way to a mission field of his own, and his will devoted every dollar to the needs of the kingdom.

Pitkin knew the thrill of it. He stood in the middle of his mission compound while the raging Boxer rebels climbed up the walls. He sent his last coolie away with directions for escape. "Tell my wife in America," he said, "to bring up the boy as we have started. Tell her when my boy is old enough, to send him back here with the message of Jesus for China." Then the horde of infuriated troops rushed upon him like maniacs, and cut his body into ribbons of flesh.

The Battle Call

O Christians, do you know the joy of it? Is life transformed from a steady monotony of insignificant duties in drudgery, into a glorious adventure in faith and courage? Are your gifts marshalled for the kingdom? Are other things put aside as inconsequential?

There was a company of soldiers awaiting an order to advance. The commanding officer said: "Men, you see what we have to do. You see the machine-gun nests right ahead. You see the bodies of our boys in the gap. I'll turn my back on you for a minute. Every man who will go with me to take that ground will step one pace out of the ranks." He turned, waited, then faced his men again. The line was still unbroken.

"Will none of you come?" he said.

A voice came out of the line: "Sir, we have all stepped forward!"

Church of Jesus, you see what we have to do. You see the glories and the perils too. While our heads are bowed in prayer, will every one who will go with me, step one step out of the ranks, in the silence of decision? Will the line be unbroken, in loyalty to our Christ?

XII

IF I HAD TIME

How would you like to live in a land where everybody had a fair start? Where all men were really given an equal chance? Where nobody has any more than you have to begin with, and each man has a chance to spend his share as he sees fit?

Too good to be true, you are saying. You are recalling that the literature of the ages is marked at frequent and regular intervals by the appearance of books which were written to describe the Utopias of men's dreams, and in each of these paradises of hope there was some sort of a redivision of wealth so that all men started on even terms. From "The Republic" of Plato to the "Men Like Gods" of H. G. Wells; from Bellamy's "Looking Backward" to Moore's "Areas of Bliss"; from Samuel Butler's "Erehwon," spelled by reversing the letters in "nowhere," to the unreal film-world of the movie house into which men may escape for a few moments, at least, upon payment of a very small fee—the range of the attempt has been wide, but the mood has always been an insistent longing for a fresh start without the limitations of inherited disadvantages.

Indeed, much of the discontent of the world is aimed at this target of inequality. When an agitator wishes to begin a successful career in his particular profession, he has only to select some particularly vivid examples of

men at one end and the other of his scale of ideals, and harp upon the differences which are obvious in their fates. When a political party needs a new wave of support from a new constituency, it takes upon itself a promise to level off the heights and depths of human circumstances. When a failure is seeking an excuse for his defeat, he finds the easiest possible comfort in a snarl, "You never gave me a chance!" Much of this ardent complaint seems to be absolutely justified. But justified or not, it exists. And it sours life into a mottled bitterness which leaves no taste for delight.

A Real Utopia

How would you like to live in a land where every one had a fair chance? Too good to be true, you say? You are wrong. I am about to take you there. A blink of the eyes, and a clap of the hands, and a wave of my wand, and you are there, without more ado.

For the basic commodity of life, the currency on which all other standards of value are reckoned, the coin which buys everything else in this commonwealth of men, is divided into absolutely even shares, share and share alike for each man, woman, or child. Nothing your parents could do could ensure you more than your share. And no extravagant indiscretion on their part could waste your just inheritance. This is a perfect socialism of wealth, an absolute Utopia of opportunity.

Daily Redistribution

But added to all this is another amazing fact. To further insure against inequalities, the entire sum of the

wealth is redivided and redistributed in even shares at the beginning of each day. Your own wasteful, slothful indolence yesterday cannot rob you of your share in this central store of wealth today. And another man's rapacious selfishness cannot give him any more than his portion, mathematically assigned with each new morning. Here is a Utopia beyond men's fondest dreams. Is it too good to be true?

No, no! Say the word to searching men. It is here, this realm of their fancies. It works, here and now. We are citizens of this favored state.

The True Coinage

What is the fundamental commodity of life? What is that value for which all other values are exchanged? Money? No, money is bought with it! Goods? No, goods are commanded by it. The one standard of exchange which buys everything else, but which nothing else can buy, is *time*. No man is born with an unfair heritage of it. No man lives who has less than his own fair share. No malicious plot can seize your supply of it. No overwhelming tyrant can strip your wealth away. No frenzied eagerness can gain you more of it. No jewels can purchase for you one moment more than you have a right to own. And every morning, just to make sure that fairness is ever new, the auditor of the universe wipes out all the record of our yesterday's mistakes, erases all the impress of our hungry greed, and gives us a new start on an equality with every other person of the world, with the light of each new dawn.

When men come whining to me, their lips curled in a

craven complaint, and their voices passionate with a promise of what they could do if they had an even start, I sit back and watch them romp like drunken sailors through this perfect commonwealth of fortune in which they have been placed, spending the treasures of their lives in an orgy of careless futility, while they hurl their mean taunts at the men who are wise with their supply. When a great program for reform lures its adherents on by the promise of a tomorrow in which all assets will be shared, share and share alike, I sit back and watch these same reformers spilling the priceless treasures of the hours before the swine of thoughtless laziness—"Sometimes they sit and think; and sometimes they just sit"—and I wonder how long this even division of wealth would last, seeing how unevenly men use the automatically distributed supply of time. And when a man tells me he could use money as wisely as anybody if he only had some to use, I like to examine the use he now makes of those bright coins, the minutes, which are minted fresh and turned over to him as fast as they are to any man.

The Cowardice of Complaint

Time is absolutely, evenly, irrevocably shared. If there is unfairness, it begins with our use of it. We are blunderers in the technique commended by our text, "Redeeming the time." Bargaining for full value in each transaction which involves our prime treasure seems like a lost art. We squander our only wealth, and then complain at the pitiable limitations of our fate.

A football team, in defeat, comes crest-fallen off the field, glowering at circumstances, and muttering: "If only

we had had five minutes more to play. If only the whistle had not blown just then!" What they really wish for is not only a few minutes more time, but those minutes on an empty gridiron unopposed by foes. They have a way of forgetting that in a game neither team has any more time than the other. They forget that the victors were hampered by the same time limitations as the losers, exactly. And that if a few more minutes could by some miracle be granted, the other team would still be there fighting like tigers to maintain their superiority. It is not time you need. It is the wit to know how to invest the time you have. There is no more craven, despicable, thoughtless excuse in the world than the pettish "If I had time!"

Time for Books

"If I had time, I should read, but I haven't time!" It is a lie, and one look at Roosevelt proves it. See that mighty, vigorous man, hindered all his life by inadequate eyesight, seeing what he could as he peered with feverish intensity out of high-powered lenses, training those stubborn eyes to devour page after page with merciless rapacity. Police Commissioner of New York, Governor of his State, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Vice-president, then President for year after year of glorious victory, surely this man might have been allowed to say, "If I had time!" Yet reading always, he pursued his journeyings through the far corners of the world's literature; kept abreast with the newest in sociology, economics, history, and outdoor life; dipped with appreciation into philosophy and poetry; talked everywhere to every one about his

books; set sail for Africa after his presidential term equipped with a special pigskin library especially designed for him, so that it might be carried about from place to place, through almost virgin territories, on the backs of willing black men. He must have a book, a good book, when they camped for the night. And by a flickering blaze he would read. "If I had time to read"?—he sends that cowardly whine back to your teeth. He made time serve him for reading.

We have the time and we use it, but on stuff we dare not dignify by the title "reading." Headlines, and sporting pages, and funnies, and salacious scandals capture our thoughts, and the great society of earth's elect goes unheeded. Listen again to this great paragraph of Ruskin:

> Do you know, if you read THIS, that you cannot read THAT—that what you lose today you cannot gain tomorrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings, or flatter yourself that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for entrée here, and audience there, while all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault.

Or as Shakespeare said it:

> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Time for Letters

"If I had time to write—but I can hardly find a minute for letters." It is a lie. Take one look at Franklin Lane, and repent for your self-deceit. Here was an intrepid man of action, moving in the midst of great events. Public Service Commissioner, Secretary of the Interior, member of the Cabinet during the crisis days of the war, he wrote day after day to friends and dear ones thousands of miles apart letters so leisurely in mood, so deep in their philosophy, so comforting and helpful in tone, so personal in application, so sympathetic in spirit, that they seemed to have been inscribed with a pen of brotherly gold, for the healing of the nations. With affairs crushing in far more heavily than we can understand, his days were made glorious by the sense of contacts maintained with friends who needed him all over the world.

No Time for Prayer

"If I had time, I should pray; but there isn't room in my day!" It is a foolish lie. George Muller, involved in the bewildering complexities of his great orphans' home with its hundreds of saddened, gladdened children, said often, "I haven't time not to pray," and every morning he shut himself away in his closet for an hour or more of quiet with his Lord. Ferdinand Foch, with the weight of the Allied destinies bowing down his spirit, and the problems of a continent-spanning battle-line clamoring for solution, found time every day to seek the nearest shrine and there commune with the spirit of his God.

No Room for Jesus

"If I had time, I should speak a word for Jesus; but life rushes by too swiftly!" Tell me, does it hurry for you more than it did for Dwight L. Moody? Do you move in the midst of greater events than surrounded that prophet's life? Are you beset with more personal demands? Do you empty yourself in your tasks more completely than he did? Yet he lived his life under a solemn pledge that he would beseech some one person every day to follow Jesus. One night, very late, he was ready for bed when he remembered. Overwhelmed by duties, he had neglected his chosen duty. He dressed hurriedly, made his way through a foggy London rain, found a cabby drowsing in the box above two sleepy horses, roused him and told him his errand, stirred the man to the depths by his earnestness, won him to an interest in Jesus, then hurried home and crept into bed. No time—no time—for Jesus?

APPENDIX

THE CONGREGATION VOTES AGAIN

"Preach It Again" told the story of a unique experiment in sensing and recording the reactions of a congregation toward the varieties of a year's preaching. Three thousand votes gave an illuminating cross-section of modern preferences for sermons. An attempt was made by the preacher to analyze these ballots homiletically, and to determine what conclusions might be fairly reached about the effectiveness of pulpit methods.

The testing by ballots has been repeated at the end of each preaching year. Five of the sermons in "The Miracle of Me" were the favorite selections of the preacher's third year in Syracuse. For those who were interested in the first announced results, a list of the third year's sermons, and the results of the balloting, are here appended:

The Sermons of the Third Year

1. Lessons from a Diminishing Coal Pile. Text: James 5 : 7, 8.

"Day by day does it; almost any task melts away before persistency."

2. What It Means to Be a Minister. Text: 1 Corinthians 9 : 16.

"Hard work, much peril, but the very heights of glory."

3. The Touchiness of the Saints. Text: Ephesians 4 : 32.

"An uninsulated saint causes a short-circuit which wastes needed power."

4. Science and Religion. Text: 2 Timothy 3 : 16.

"Science makes no charge against religion which religion cannot remake against science; it is time for a truce."

5. On Distance in Religion. Text: John 4 : 4-26.

"Three Negro songs can teach us the secret of nearness to God." (Repreached by request.)

6. What and Where Is God? Text: John 14 : 1.

"Men have found him most perfectly portrayed in the life of Jesus."

7. The Good Fortune of Bad Luck. Text: Psalm 23.

"There is no strength without discipline." (Repreached by request.)

8. What Is Conversion? Text: Matthew 4 : 19.

"Halt! About face! March! Quit your meanness!"

9. An Adventure in Friendliness. Text: 1 Corinthians 13.

"Faith, hope, and friendliness, which is greatest?" (Repreached by request.)

10. Bountiful Eyes. Text: Proverbs 22 : 9.

"Even the best-intentioned kindness must be equipped with wisdom."

11. What Price Palm Branches? Text: John 12 : 13.

"Does our exultant joy in Him stand the tests of His Gethsemanes?"

12. The Practise of the Resurrection. Text: 1 Corinthians 15 : 54; 16 : 1.

"We can prove that He is risen, if we show forth the beauty of His life."

13. The Mood of Exit. Text: Matthew 19 : 22.

"When we have seen Jesus and learned of him, do we go away sorrowing or rejoicing?"

14. Lessons from the Arena. Text: Psalm 133 : 1.

"We have seen a man devoting himself without stint for the sake of a cause and a Christ he loved."

15. My Prisoner. Text: 1 Kings 20 : 39, 40.

"Into my hands God has entrusted some one, for whom I am responsible; I have a prisoner."

16. The Poison of Sport. Text: Matthew 11 : 17.

"We are breeding a generation of spectators who enjoy the sensation of having some one battle for them."

17. Mary, the Mother of Jesus. Text: John 19 : 26.

"A glimpse into the secrets of His home would enshrine all of motherhood."

18. A Mother's Day Message to Flappers. Text: Luke 2 : 19.

"Let girls anticipate the coronation-day when they are to be crowned with motherhood."

19. The Cleanest City in America. Text: Revelation 21 : 27.

"Not our streets and our slums and our politics, but our hearts also."

20. Down with Memorial Day! Text: Isaiah 2 : 4.

"Unless we can forever tear away the tinsel draperies which hide the horror of war."

21. The Harmony of the Spheres. Text: Job 38 : 7.

"The lesson of blended notes hidden in a chord of beauty is a lesson for quibbling humanity."

22. What's Happening at Indianapolis. Text: Psalm 20.

"The miracle of a great host of divergent minds being fused for the purpose of Jesus."

23. Rules of the Road. Text: Psalm 119 : 105.

"None of us can be safe unless each of us keeps every one else in mind."

24. The Parable of the Liberal Mind. Text: Matthew 25 : 14-26.

"There is a frightening risk in the investment of conclusions made by the liberal mind."

25. Is Christianity Over-sold? Text: John 12 : 32.

"Have we paid too little attention to maintaining the quality of the product?"

26. Interdependence Day. Text: Acts 17 : 26.

"We must never lose the sense of our oneness in need and achievement with all the world."

27. Spencer and the Steeple-jack. Text: Matthew 18 : 6.

"A city has some responsibility for what goes on in the minds of its boys and girls."

28. A Railway Adventure. Text: Matthew 16 : 18.

"Watch the crowd at a railway-station, and imagine what different things trains bring to each one."

29. Lift the Hood. Text: Luke 15 : 19.

"The first place to look, when trouble stops the engine, is underneath the hood."

30. If This Were My Last Sermon! Text: Deuteronomy 33 : 28, 29.

"I should want to finish as I have begun—glorifying Jesus."

31. The First Communion. Text: Matthew 26 : 17.

"It would be worth while to make the scene of that fellowship supper vivid and real to us."

32. A Living Wage for Christians. Text: Isaiah 53 : 11.

"Most Christians seem content to be frightfully underpaid in souls."

33. The Re-Creation of Conversion. Text: John 4 : 31-34.

"There is no joy like the joy of winning another."

34. For That Tired Feeling. Text: Isaiah 40 : 31.

"What we need is not rest, but new incentive."

35. School-days. Text: Psalm 86 : 11.

"Life has its lessons every day; and most of us are dullards to learn so slowly."

36. Are You Really Alive? Text: John 10 : 10.

"There is a difference between living and existing. Are you using your faith to help you really live?"

37. The Theology of the Family. Text: Matthew 6 : 9.

"Jesus risked the meaning of his gospel on words which came out of the home and the family."

38. The Legion in Peace-time. Text: Joshua 7 : 20, 21.

"The American Legion may become America's greatest boon, or America's greatest peril."

39. The Man Named Stone. Text: Luke 22 : 54.

"The firelight gleams on the pain-wracked face of Peter who denied him."

40. The Perils of Education. Text: Mark 10 : 21.

"An educated rascal is a rascal still, more dangerous because he is educated."

41. The Persistency of the Mails. Text: 2 Timothy 4 : 2.

"Let us obey the imperial dictates of our Master's messages, without delay."

42. Sermons in Books. (1) "This Freedom." Text: Acts 22 : 28.

"What place has woman in Christian society? Is motherhood a woman's throne?"

43. Why Can't We Cure Infantile Paralysis? Text: Romans 10 : 14.

"Doctors, as indifferent about infantile paralysis as Christians are about salvation, would be ousted in disgrace."

44. Saul, the Spectator. Text: Acts 7 : 58.

"There flashed before his eyes the vision of a man not afraid to die for Jesus."

45. The Eternal Game. Text: 1 Corinthians 9 : 24-27.

"The goal is 'Better,' and the winners are those who fight through to improve."

46. Saul, the Seeker. Text: Acts 9 : 3-6.

"Down the street staggers the blinded Saul, until he finds a friend who knows Jesus."

47. Idiots. Text: Matthew 22 : 21.

"An idiot is a private citizen who does not vote at the polls—tell him so for me."

48. Paul, the Power. Text: Acts 21 : 13.

"A storm of impetuous energy is turned loose upon a needy world."

49. The Fire on the Mountaintop. Text: Mark 9 : 2, 3.

"Can Peter take the glory of transfiguration down into the monotony of tomorrow?"

50. Colgate's Chances. Text: Mark 10 : 21.

"They depend upon an imponderable, invisible, intangible thing called 'spirit.'"

51. Outwitting the War Germ. Text: Matthew 12 : 44.

"War is a dread disease, and we must crush it without mercy."

52. Sermons in Books. (2) "Babbitt." Text: Proverbs 29 : 18.

"Any country which will buy Babbitt by the thousands is not afraid of bitter medicine; there is chance for a cure."

53. Football Challenges the Church. Text: Ephesians 6 : 12.

"Some day some genius will make the battle for right as dramatic as a football game; then victory will be in sight."

54. If I Had Time. Text: Ephesians 5 : 16.

"You have as much time as anybody, and a new supply every day. What do you do with it?"

55. The Cowardice of Discontent. Text: Philippians 4 : 6.

"It is treachery not to trust; you are deliberately courting defeat."

56. If I Had Luck. Text: Romans 1 : 21.

"'Luck' is the coward word of the defeated, who are trying to excuse failure."

57. The Fire on the Lake Shore. Text: John 21 : 1-17.

"There is one sure cure for temperamental Peters—work, work, and more work."

58. Hand-made Gods—the Curse of the Day. Text: Isaiah 44 : 17-20.

"Out of the fire-wood of our lives, we are carving images to worship—and we know better."

59. The Science of Religion. Text: John 14 : 15.

"Jesus discovered the truth about life, and tested it in the laboratory of experience."

60. The Tragedy of the Gallos. Text: Mark 6 : 34.

"We go rushing madly by, and take no time for kindness toward pitiably lost folk."

61. Sermons in Books. (3) "One of Ours." Text: Judges 5 : 23.

"There are thousands of young lives futile because they are unconnected with an enterprise like the kingdom."

62. A Pathway of Expectant Hearts. Text: Isaiah 40 : 4.

"All the rays of expectant, reverent prophecy, focus on Jesus and Bethlehem."

63. How the King Came. Text: Luke 2 : 8.

"Almost stark in its simplicity is the picture of His coming."

64. The Shadow of His Tragedy. Text: Luke 1 : 38.

"Only Mary could know all that her broken heart suffered."

65. The Brightness of His Glory. Text: 1 Corinthians 15 : 20.

"There was no life which so lived and ruled men, after what we call death."

66. How to Be a Martyr. Text: Acts 12 : 2.

"James learned the difficult art of daily sacrifice and service."

67. The Religion of Science. Text: 1 Thessalonians 5 : 16-21.

"Science proceeds upon faith: survives in hope; and serves in love."

68. The Emperor Constantine and the Public Schools. Text: Matthew 10 : 16.

"Let us tempt men to trust Him by living, rather than force men to love Him by laws."

69. Sermons in Books. (4) "The Great Hunger." Text: Psalm 42 : 1.

"There is only one true satisfaction for the great hunger of life."

70. Christian Craftsmanship. Text: 2 Timothy 2 : 15.

"With all skill of trained mind, steer a wise course, Christian!"

71. Guardians of Our Faith. (1) The Roman Catholic Church. Text: Matthew 16 : 18.

"We must learn some of that awe-struck humility before the rich treasure of our faith."

72. The Suicide of the Church. Text: Acts 7 : 26.

"When desire rebels against desire and will, then death is foreordained in the tragedy of suicide."

73. Guardians of Our Faith. (2) The Unitarian Church. Text: Hebrews 4 : 15.

"The protest which called us back to the humanness of Jesus is the glory of Unitarian history."

74. The Man Who Brought His Brother. Text: John 1 : 41.

"Andrew had a knack for bringing others to Jesus; the church is dying for lack of Andrews."

75. Is Religion an Elective? Text: Mark 12 : 30.

"Give faith a chance for a fair fight in the general melee of life; that is all faith needs."

76. Lincoln and Boyhood. Text: Luke 2 : 52.

"Build him a Greek temple; but leave him near enough humanity to be loved and followed."

77. Sermons in Books. (5) "Maria Chapdelaine." Text: Psalm 20 : 7.

"The boasted complexities of civilization are a challenge to religion."

78. A Church of Two Thousand Pastors. Text: Genesis 4 : 9.

"This is the slogan of the new reformation—no man between me and my brother; every man his own pastor."

79. Guardians of Our Faith. (3) The Methodist Church. Text: Revelation 1 : 50.

"A burning zeal, as the life of the spirit—this is the lesson of Methodism."

80. The Religion of King Tut. Text: Mark 8 : 35.

"There is only one way to immortality; that is to plunge yourself into the battle of life."

81. Guardians of Our Faith. (4) The Quakers. Text: Romans 8 : 14.

"The inner light and the courage of profound conviction—we inherit these from the Quakers."

The Five Elected Sermons

1. If I Had Time.
2. An Adventure in Friendliness.
3. The Religion of King Tut.
4. The Suicide of the Church.
5. Christian Craftsmanship.

The Next Five in the Balloting

6. A Mother's Day Message to Flappers.
7. Lincoln and Boyhood.
8. The Cowardice of Discontent.
9. The Man Who Brought His Brother.
10. The Good Fortune of Bad Luck.

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